



**Jan Minter**

The  
**Amazon**  
Project

An Erotiqué Novella

# *The Amazon* Project

By Jan Minter

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# THE AMAZON PROJECT

An Erotiqué Download

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Dedicated to Gaye Walton AKA Gwynn Morgan,  
the mentor to this Minter.

## *Chapter One*

"Ouch!" For the third time Toot's knots on the tent's guy ropes had slipped. This time it all thundered down on Lizzy's head.

Toot peered inside the tent at her. "I'm sorry, Lizzy. Are you hurt?"

From outside, Lottie laughed on the edge of hysteria.

"No," Lizzy responded. "I just can't believe we're doing this. We don't know spit about the outdoors, about camping outside of a five-star hotel. I must have been nuts to ever agree to this trip to the end of nowhere."

The three girls, complete novices at camping, had chosen to drive Lizzy's new Range Rover into the heartland of a desert national park, far away from anyone else. The campsite located on a sand spit in a small narrow gully, with steep, rocky hills rising on each side, certainly wrong for late summer with temperatures rising to the high nineties. For their first experience with camping, authorities on the subject would have told them to pick a kinder climate and site, rather than this mountainous, desert place.

"We wanted to do something wild and crazy. Remember?" Lottie said.

"Not this wild. I thought you meant something like renting a limo and going to see male strippers while we got drunk," Lizzy replied, rubbing the new bump on her head and already gritty and dirty. Not a shower in sight. The only water trickled down the tiny stream next to where they had decided to camp.

"Never happen, Friend. You forget that big brother is

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always watching. In spite of what our families say, I'll bet they still have the watchdogs out. We'd catch it if our parents ever found out. Besides, I'd feel way out of place there," Lottie said.

"Come on now, grab that pole again and let's get this tent up before nightfall," Toot replied. "My father would probably cancel our new apartment, drag me home, and chain me to a bedpost. Do you think we'll really ever have freedom?" Toot used her voice of doom, while she tried to tie the ropes to the stakes again. "That's not right," she said shaking her head.

She reread the instructions for raising their new tent. Her two best friends had long ago declared Patricia Elena Dolores Alvarez far too much name for one so small. They had christened her Little Toot to encourage her to strive to outgrow her self-effacing shyness. Once Lizzy had crawled out of the jumble of canvas, she and Toot grabbed the ropes one at a time to pull the tent upright and taut again. Finally having secured all four corners, Toot stood to gather her thick black hair back into a pony tail, clear of her sweat-streaked face.

Assigned the task of getting a fire going, Lottie knelt beside a rough circle of stones. Proud of her fire pit, she still had trouble getting an actual fire going. On her hands and knees, lips near the little teepee shape of sticks, she blew on the feeble sparks at the base of her kindling. The book said this was the way to start a fire.

Lottie—actually Loretta—had just graduated from college with a Masters in Physics at the tender age of twenty-one. In the fall, she'd have to start swimming with the big fish, working on her Doctorate at MIT. They planned this final adventure for the three friends who'd been inseparable since they'd met at the exclusive St. Marks Preparatory School for

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Young Ladies in Switzerland from which they had graduated at sixteen. All rated at the genius level with IQ scores in the 150+ range, they had been coddled, cocooned, and convent-sheltered from early childhood. Somehow they had resolved to break out of their silken prison. This solo camp-out in the wilds was an initial escape.

Looking around the campsite, Lottie recognized the obvious their first time failure at something the three had attempted. Granted, most things they tried were indoors, supplemented by computers, their parents' wealth and protective squads of nuns and bodyguards. Their plan to do something completely new and innovative seemed like a good idea while sitting in the middle of her bed that last night at the university. Now Lottie was not so sure.

Finally, the tent-raisers got the shelter up, although it leaned to one side a bit. Lottie had the fire roaring. After they ate an undercooked potato and a hunk of steak, blackened on the outside while still raw on the inside, they sat around the fire, closed in by the dark.

A thin wind whispered down the canyon, cooling the air. It carried the hint of an ululating wail and sharp desert scents. They could not guess at the source of either sound or scents.

"Now what do we do?" Lizzy asked. She poured the last of a bottle of wine into the girls' plastic cups.

"Usually by this time I'm studying or reading something good," Lottie replied, "but I didn't bring anything to read. I thought we'd be too busy."

"I'm usually surfing the net or playing a computer game," Lizzy said.

"Or inventing a new better one." Toot slanted a glance at Lizzy and grinned. Lying back on her bedroll, she looked at the

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sky. "I guess we could study the stars, but it's too cloudy to see any."

"It sure is dark. I don't believe I've ever been anywhere quite this dark," Lizzy said.

"The booger bears come out in the dark, don't they, Lizzy?" Lottie teased.

"I don't know," Toot put in with a grin. "Maybe vampires."

"Not even vampires would be crazy enough to come this far out in the wild. Just stupid females like us, the three rich bitch, nerdy geniuses," Lizzie replied, sarcastically. "I move we pack up and go home in the morning. I need a bath."

"I sure am tired of being called rich bitch, nerdy genius. Other girls are doing normal things like wearing make-up and dating guys and seeing the world," Toot said, dreamily.

"I'm tired of being called a nerd, just because I know nothing about the male gender." Lottie said around a toothpick in her mouth.

"You've read enough books on the topic. You ought to know, Lizzy."

"It's one thing to read about men, quite another to actually flirt and talk about something besides relative matter," Lottie added.

"My tongue grows to twice its size and there's a lump in my throat when a male under 50 even says hi to me. How in the world does one begin to learn to converse with the male gender? Guys must be from some other planet I haven't studied yet," Lizzy said.

"Hey," Toot said, "Look up there on the top of this hill. Another campfire. See?"

All eyes followed Toot's pointed finger. Sure enough, up



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he hill a goodly distance from them, they spied another campfire and a flicker of a lantern or candle.

"Can you imagine that? I thought we were miles away from another human being and here is somebody within shouting distance," Lizzy said. She opened the second bottle of wine, poured everyone another cup full.

"Let's spy on them and see who our neighbors are. Maybe it's a camping family who knows what the heck they are doing so they can give us a few pointers," Toot said.

"Or maybe, just maybe it's three gorgeous males who can tell us how to kiss," Lizzy said.

Lottie swiped at Lizzy. "Since you've come of age, all you think about is the opposite sex. So what're you going to do when you meet one, stutter?"

"Probably. Say, is there a school we can go to that will teach man power?"

"I wish. But let's spy out our neighbor."

"Let's do." Lizzie went to the leaning tent and returned with a pair of brand new binoculars.

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### *Chapter Two*

Sam put down his binoculars. He couldn't believe it. He'd hiked for three days to get this far away from civilization. Damn, there're campers just down the hill. Recently discharged from an eight year stint in the navy, fresh off a carrier where the racks were four deep, allowing a mere thirty-six inches of breathing space between them, Sam opted to camp out alone. He chose a spot as far from people he could find, in the driest spot opposite from the ocean blue.

As far as he could tell his neighbors were all female—at least he hadn't seen any guys with them. Watching women just added to the scenery. He loved women, any size, any age. Well, not too-too old.

He couldn't tell too much about them except they sure as hell didn't know much about camping. That's the sloppiest camp he'd ever seen. He set up a better one by himself at the age of twelve, sort of a coming of age thing with his dad.

Maybe he'd visit the three novice campers tomorrow and help them a bit. The thought of their helping him end his long abstinence from sex put something in his brain to dream about. Those crazy women had come in a hot shot Range Rover while he'd hiked in. It's a wonder they hadn't torn it up. Tired from his hike and setting up his camp, he fell into his bedroll with his clothes on. He slept almost before his head hit the pillow.

\* \* \* \*

"What a hunk," Lottie said. "Uh-oh, he's out for the night. His light went out. The only light is what's left of his camp

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fire."

"Wish he'd visit us. Maybe he'd be attracted to one of us."

"I wouldn't know what to say, even if he did visit," Toot moaned.

"Toot, toot, toot," the other two girls sang. "No more negative stuff about yourself, remember? We'll learn how to do this too, just like we learned everything before," Lottie added.

"I still wish we had a rule book telling us more about meeting and keeping a fellow. I hate not knowing about anything I'm interested in. I'd probably sound like a Neanderthal—ug, ug—if approached by a good looking male," Lizzy said, breaking the rule that she had just admonished Toot for.

"That gives me an idea," Lottie said, excitement brightening her voice. "There's three of us and one of him. Let's do a project."

"Ugh! Don't mention projects. We left projects at school. We're on vacation."

"Ah, come on. We always approach anything the only way we know. This could be fun. We could call it Project Amazon. We could kidnap him and...and...and..."

"And what?" Toot asked.

"Well, have you ever seen a naked male?"

Her buddies couldn't see Toot's blush all the way from her toes to her hairline. "No-o-o."

"How about you, Lizzy?"

"Nada."

"So-o-o-o!" Lottie left the rest of the statement to implication.

"You mean really kidnap him?"

"Why not? We wouldn't hurt him, just have him on our

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terms. The women in the Amazon Basin did it. We can too. We can do anything we set our minds to."

"Okay. We might even induce him to shed us of our virginity."

Working hard on the third bottle of wine, the girls put their heads together, creative juices churning, to plan the Amazon Project.

\* \* \* \*

"What the hell!" Rudely awakened when his sleeping bag suddenly came open and flapped back, exposing him to the cool air of the night, Sam bolted upright. Before he could get his bearings, someone flopped him over, his hands secured behind him. There had to be more than one assailant, but he couldn't see them. Clouds obscured the starry sky and dimmed the light.

"Don't fight. We don't want to hurt you, but we will if we have to." The voice, definitely female, sounded young. Sam grinned and relaxed.

Many hands pushed him up to a sitting position, a rope dropped over his head. The knot tightened. Sam struggled a bit, but every time he did, the knot grew tighter. His captors jammed his boots on his feet.

"Here. Drink this," another feminine voice said.

He turned his head away from the plastic glass, but the rope tightened again. In moments the pressure made his eyes bulge from his skull. "Okay, okay," he croaked, gasping for breath. "I'll drink it."

When the rope loosened, he drank down the concoction of Coke with an extra tang.

"That's a good boy, "someone said.

"He's not a boy. He's all man."

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"Just what we need. Now get up. We're taking a little walk."

"Hurry, but be careful not to slip or you'll choke."

Dawn broke pink in the east. In the soft light, he could see himself the captive of three women...three girls—a big blonde, a tiny brunette, and an average-sized redhead. Taking him to the horrible campsite at the bottom of the hill next to a barely trickling steam, they moved slowly, picking their way carefully.

Before they arrived, Sam began to feel woozy, his head spinning. He had trouble concentrating where to put each foot next.

"Hurry, the pills are working. He's too heavy to carry."

Sam just wanted to lie down. Soon rewarded with that wish, they instructed him to recline on a sleeping bag close to the fire. He immediately drifted off into dreamland.

"We did it! He's out like a light," Lottie said.

"I hope we didn't give him too much," Toot said, sitting down in a lawn chair.

"Naw, he'll just sleep a while," Lottie reassured her.

"Now what do we do?" Lizzy asked, stirring the fire with a stick.

"Let's see what we've got. Come on. Let's get his clothes off," Lottie said, approaching their captive and kneeling beside him.

"Are you sure?" Toot asked. Always the shy one, Toot wasn't ever ready to take on anything connected with people.

"Sure! Without clothes he'll be less likely to get away," Lottie said, skinning his tee shirt up his chest.

"Besides," Lizzy added, "I'd like to see a naked man, which I've never done, except in pictures of course." She

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struggled to take off his boots and socks. "In anatomy class at that. Those pictures are nothing like the real thing, I don't think."

"What about those porno books you stole from Anabelle's room at the dorm?"

"They showed mostly women, not men. Toot, you get the ropes off." Lizzy said. When the three relieved the subject of their project of his clothes, they hid his duds out of sight. They retied his hands, but this time in front of him.

The sun rose, forming a sheen on the man's skin. "I must say we lucked up," Lottie observed. "He's a beautiful specimen." Now, after they'd stripped their captive, a bout of timidity struck all of them. They just sat in their lawn chairs and looked at him, waiting for him to wake up.

Lottie jumped up. "I might as well cook some breakfast while we wait. He'll be hungry. Let's brainstorm about exactly what we'll do when he wakes up while I cook. Maybe, just maybe he'll be the answer to our prayers and cooperate."

Lottie fried a package of bacon, made grease toast, then scrambled a dozen eggs in a big iron skillet.

Toot squeaked. "Look, he's waking up."

Sam groggily tried to turn over before he realized that his hands were tied together. Opening one eye at a time to the bright morning sunshine, he remembered that he had been kidnapped. He also realized that he was completely naked with the avid gazes of six female eyes plastered on the sight of him. He'd never been modest before, but he had an overwhelming urge to cover himself. He put his tied hands over his genitals.

"I guess we'd better feed him first," the tall one said. "Lizzy, you and Toot sit him up. He's probably still groggy. I'll bring the food."

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"What the hell am I doing here? Where are my clothes? Why..."

He didn't get to finish speaking because the one they called Lizzy stuffed a bite of food in his mouth. "You, sir, are the object of our Project Amazon."

The tall one perched on the other side of him fed him another bite as soon as he swallowed. "We've abducted you to find out about a male anatomy in the flesh."

The little one with the black hair sat in a nearby chair. "You see, we have no experience with men at all, so we are borrowing you to find out."

"But why kidnap me?" he said while he chewed. "I might have been willing."

"That wouldn't have worked at all," the little one said.

"Because if you had approached us," the tall girl interrupted. "We'd have been tongue tied and not known what to say."

Lizzy held another bite ready, this time eggs, to shove into his mouth. "Then we'd had to go through all the social small talk that we don't know how to do. This way we are in control and not at a male's mercy."

The tall girl put some more food on the plate Lizzy held. "Yes, and this way we get right to the problem."

"Here, have a bite of toast," Lizzy said.

He opened his mouth. She shoved in the greasy bread. He was hungry. The eggs tasted a bit flat without any seasoning, but okay. Every time he swallowed, she pushed another bite of bacon, toast, or egg into his mouth. While the one with red hair fed him, the little one with black hair to her waist started asking him questions she had apparently written down in a loose-leaf notebook.

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"Are you over twenty-one?"

"That's fairly apparent," Lizzy said. "He already has whiskers this morning."

"I like clean shaven," the little one said. She referred to her notes again. "Are you HIV positive?"

He shook his head.

"Do you have any sexually transmitted diseases like herpes, syphilis, et cetera?"

"Nope," he said around some bacon. He swallowed. "I..." He didn't get to finish saying because a large piece of toast filled his mouth.

"Have you lots of experience with sexual intercourse?"

Not recently, Sam thought, but he grinned and nodded, yes.

"Are you gay?"

"No way!"

"Are you normally attracted to a special type of woman? Like blonds, for instance."

"No."

"No, you don't like blonds?"

He swallowed and answered. He closed his lips and shook his head when another bite of food came near. "No, I like all kinds of women. Now, untie my hands, give me my clothes. I promise not to run away."

"No, that's not possible," the tall one said.

"Not yet anyway," the little one added.

"We have to do our research first," the tall one and apparent leader said.

Lizzy put down the plate near the fire and returned with a cup. "Just pretend we're aliens from another planet, come to study your species until we get done with our preliminary



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examination of your anatomy."

"Is that coffee?" he asked.

"After a fashion. It's not very good." Lizzy held the cup to his lips and he took a swallow.

Strong and black, the coffee had grounds in it. He swallowed, then spit out some grounds. "You're right. It is bad coffee, but give me some more. I need the caffeine."

"Say please and thank you like a good boy," the tall girl said with a chuckle.

Lizzy held the cup while he drank the rest. When he drained the cup, unexpectedly someone snatched him from behind and laid him back. The little one sat on him, almost knocking the wind out of him. The other two grabbed each of his legs and spread-eagled him, tying his ankles to stakes. They stretched his hands to his full wingspread.

Until now, he hadn't been scared. After all, they were just three innocent girls, but this drastic action made him so vulnerable. He had to wonder what this Project Amazon entailed.

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### *Chapter Three*

They began to touch him all over. They weren't rough, but gentle, almost pleasant. Still the simultaneous groping of six curious hands didn't exactly make him comfortable

The little one closest to his face, let her hair fall around his head. She ran her fingers through his hair. "His hair is coarser than mine, but nice feeling." She touched his cheek with the back of her hand. "Ugh, prickly whiskers. I like clean-shaven. Maybe we should shave him."

That gave him a tremor. He winced at the thought of a razor in the hands of an obvious novice. She lowered her mouth to his, brushing shyly, then tasting. "He tastes like bacon."

The redhead they called Lizzy, stationed at his chest, ran her hands all over his body. "Abs okay. He must be athletic or work out. Not too much chest hair." When she reached his sides, he tried to jerk away.

"Ooooh, he's ticklish," she said with a laugh. She tickled him, making him laugh with pleasure-pain. The other two joined into the tickling, both at his ribs and the bottoms of his feet. In no time, he began to yell "Uncle!" With tears in his eyes, he begged them to stop.

The one called Lottie, at his feet, slipped her hands up his legs. "Nice feet, high arch, good calves, muscular thighs."

He held his breath when her hands approached his groin, but she drew away before she got that far.

"Are we done?" From their murmurs of agreement, apparently, they were. The three gathered around his lower

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torso.

"You do the honors, Toot."

Toot? They called the little one Toot, of all things. He swallowed a laugh at the inadvertent double entendre.

"No. You do it, Lizzy. I'm not quite ready."

"Okay. Pubic hair full, light brown and runs in a line from sparse chest hair to groin." She picked up his balls. He grimaced. "Oh, did I hurt you? I've heard testicles are quite sensitive."

A gross understatement, he thought. "Just don't squeeze," he choked out.

"They're bigger than I envisioned they'd be. They're hot, too. Here, feel them, girls."

For the first time in his life three hands had handled his nuts at once. Their attention to them gave him a serious attack of nerves. He wanted nothing more than to break his ropes and run like hell. Used to being in control, especially in his sexual activities, Sam thought it hell to be at someone else's mercy. Degrading. That's was it, however good it felt. And it did feel good.

"That's interesting. Okay, enough. Let's get on with business," Lottie said.

"What business?" Sam asked. His imagination worked overtime making his voice weak and uncertain. He strained his neck to look down his body at them. Just what did these crazy women have in mind to do to him? He was scared to speculate. The one called Lizzy ran one finger up his cock. The damned thing had a mind of its own, and rose to salute her touch.

"Amazing," Toot said. "It just grew up quickly from a limp appendage into a very firm thing, just like that. Imagine from about three inches to what would you say, about nine or

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ten inches?"

"It sure is big, not only long, but around too." Lizzy wrapped her fingers around his dong and threw a sweep from its base to the tip. He groaned. "It's hard enough to stand up strong, but feels like velvet."

"Look at the blood supply, all those blue and red veins."

"And the tip looks like a Darth Vader helmet."

"Or a mushroom."

With his penis in their hands, he lost track of who said what.

"Doesn't look like any mushroom I ever saw. Just looking at it makes me tingle all over."

"I've creamed in my jeans."

"Haven't you girls seen enough?" he blurted, his panic building as their statements grew bolder.

"Are you bashful? We aren't hurting you. You said you'd had sexual experience. How does this feel to you?"

"Embarrassing. I don't like being on display."

"I know about embarrassing. Been there," Lizzy said.

"I think I bought the tee shirt. If any group of people looked at me, I'd blush all the way from my toes," Lottie added.

"It'd make my stomach hurt if a guy said hello to me, but this is different," Toot said.

"Yeah, this is like an anatomy lesson at school. Rub it, Lizzy and see what happens."

Oh my gawd! Beads of sweat break out on Sam's upper lip big time, when she clutched and started pumping up and down. He grimaced, his neck muscles straining with her friction.

"Does it hurt?" she asked. He shook his head. She stopped a moment. "Look, there's a drop or two of moisture coming out

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of the tip. That's interesting."

"Keep on rubbing, Lizzy." Another hand clutched his balls. "Wow, his testicles are cold as ice now. Feel." They did.

"It's a bit dry," Lizzy said. Someone left for a moment and returned quickly. Hands left him for a moment, dropping him to instant limbo. Seconds later, Lizzy's hand returned with oily lubrication. She set a rhythm of up and down, jacking him off. He tried to hold back, embarrassed to come for their pleasure, but his long sexual abstinence and her wonderful friction had him spilling.

"Woo, look at him spurt. Fountain of manhood! Nearly hit me in the eye." Lizzy milked every last drop out of him and didn't stop until he went limp and back to three inches. Toot put her finger in some of his semen on his stomach. She spread it around. "It's white and sticky." She smelled of it, then tasted it. "Not bad. Try it."

"I think we ought to clean him up and then see how long it takes him to recover."

Recover? They plan to do this again? *No-o-o*. No damn way!

They set about washing him all over with warm rags. All over, even his asshole.

"Hey, my hands are going numb," he said. Someone loosened the knot and gave both his hands and feet some slack where he wasn't so stretched.

"You try now, Toot."

"I'm still not ready. You go ahead, Lottie. I want to see what a kiss feels like." They changed places and started the manipulations again.

Toot had very soft lips, but she kept her mouth and teeth completely closed. "Make your mouth relax," he mumbled,

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"And open it a tad." If she wanted to know how to kiss, at the very least, he wanted to make it enjoyable. He also decided that this took the cake as most kinky he'd every experienced. Wait until he told the guys about this adventure. They'd think he was shitting them. Who would ever believe he'd been abducted by three virgins and jacked off?

When Toot opened her mouth as he'd instructed, he gave her the full shot, tonguing her. Surprise! She followed his lead instead of backing off. He laid his best kiss on her considering he had no hands to help. But she made up for it, caressing his jaw and running her hands through his hair. She learned mighty fast.

Toot finally raised her head and proclaimed, "This kissing is wonderful. You've got to try this. It's simply magnificent. Kissing with the mouth open, well, it makes my toes tingle."

But Sam's attention went immediately to his cock.

"Look! He didn't have any trouble getting another erection. It got hard almost immediately. That will help to have a specimen who is ready to service so quickly."

Seems like every time Lottie said anything, it scared the bejesus out of him. Specimen? He was only a specimen?

She jacked him tenderly, but thoroughly with oil. "It seems to be taking longer this time however." It gave him a jolt when an oiled finger jammed up his ass. "I wonder if this will help or hinder." After a few moments, she added, "Well, that's interesting too. His anus muscle flexed in time with my hand movement."

The pressure grew too much. He gushed. When she'd milked him dry, he collapsed, limp like a horse rode hard and put up wet. His eyes drooped and he slept in spite of it all.

\* \* \* \*

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As Lizzy sat with her two best friends, watching the man sleep, she relived the moments when her fingers wrapped around his appendage. Her imagination went wild. Who needed a limo, male strippers, and booze? That had gone beyond her wildest dreams with this beautiful man.

In her thoughts, she saw herself in his arms, but he was a person who loved her. Before today, she had dreams of such a man, but had trouble picturing that part of his anatomy in conjunction with her body.

Not so now.

What if this stranger with the long, strong penis were hers, not as an anatomy project, but rubbing up to her naked body? Yes, she'd be naked too. What if he thought her beautiful? What if he wanted more than her touch it to make it come? What if it were inside the part of her between her legs that screamed for attention?

She'd had a tiny bit more experience than her buddies. She'd gone behind the computer building with a boy at college and let him touch her breasts and she touched his penis. It had satisfied her curiosity then about male anatomy, but it hadn't been like this today. This was different. Back then, she had no zing like today. That boy had called her a tease and stalked off, mad, when she didn't respond like he thought she should.

Touching this man had sent tremors all through her body, each zone answering the sensation. She didn't even know his name. Lizzy knew that her actions, her hand manipulation, her rubbing him up and down had had an effect on him. In spite of his protest about not wanting to be in his position, that part of him acted happy. It had liked her touching him.

Her own reaction had shocked her. She'd tried to not show how it made her feel, to make it just an anatomy project, but in

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truth, her whole physical body has affected by her own hand movement. She manipulated herself as well. She had been as aroused as she had made him.

Lizzy suddenly wanted more than just to study a specimen. She wanted him. She wanted him to clutch her body the way she had caressed him. The illusions in her mind didn't stay there, but enveloped all of her including her heart.

Regardless of all the contracts that Lottie talked about now, all the contracts in the world, in fact, that this experience sought only knowledge of the male species, her heart shouted, "Liar! Liar!" She wanted all of him for herself, not just for these few moments. She wanted him, all of him, heart, body, and soul.

They could say, "It's just instruction."

They could say, "It's just lust."

They could say, "He'd just a project, a fling."

But Lizzy wanted more. She knew the moment she touched him, that twenty years from now, she would remember this. She would remember that in a flash of lightning, within the wink of an eye, as fast as his penis rose from limp to that wonderful, glorious size, she had fallen head over heels in love with this stranger. She knew too, that she must keep it a secret from her two closest friends and act as they did. She must pretend that he was only Project Amazon.



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## *Chapter Four*

Sam didn't know how long he had slept, but when he woke up, he had been freed of all his bindings. Obviously recognizing him awake, Lottie told him to move to a chair in the shade.

"We don't want you to sunburn. We need a specimen, not a patient." At her mention of 'specimen', he shivered in spite of the heat. He moved to the chair she indicated.

"I hope you like ham," Toot said, handing him a huge sandwich stuffed with layers of meat with lettuce, mayo, and tomato. He took a bite. Then he opened the sandwich and discarded the lettuce. "Other than the lettuce, it's good."

"Growing boys," Lottie flashed her middle finger, "must have their nourishment." The girls twittered.

When he'd finished with his sandwich, Lottie handed him a second one, just as loaded, but without lettuce. He ate it along with chips and a Coke. Then shuffling his hands together, he stood. "I must say this has been a new experience for me. Now that we're done, give me my clothes and I'll just mosey up the hill."

The girls all tensed. Lottie uncovered a very large pistol which had been in her lap. Lizzy reached for a huge butcher knife on the ground beside her chair. Toot took a karate stance.

"Oh, no. You can't leave yet. As you can see, we're armed to back up our determination. Toot doesn't need a weapon. She's a black belt."

Sam sat, his palms out with fingers up to ward off her

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threat. "Now, let's not get hasty here, ladies. No weapons are needed. I'm a peaceful man at heart." He tried to smile, but managed only a stiff one.

The girls relaxed laying down their weapons. "In fact, if you'd asked first, I'd been glad to accommodate you without the use of force or rope." Nervous, he took a swig of his Coke to relieve his suddenly dry mouth. "Just what do you need now? Seems to me you about covered the subject of anatomy for your project. Project Amazon, didn't you call it?"

"That's right," said Lottie, the apparent spokesman for the group. "You see we have a proposition for you."

He chuckled without mirth. "I'd say I'd already been propositioned, wouldn't you?"

"A wee bit," Lottie said while the others laughed. "This is our proposal, Mr..... By the way, what is your name?"

"Yes, by the way," he said, looking down at his nakedness, "It's Sam. Sam Scott."

"I'm Lottie, that's Lizzy and she's Toot. All nicknames, of course, but that's all you need to know. Our proposal is this. We are all virgins and we don't want to be. We were all raised in a restricted environment and as you found out this morning, we know nothing about the male gender. We're asking you to teach us the ins and outs of sexual intercourse along with the foreplay."

"Ins and outs, Lottie," said Lizzy. "That's a good one. Anyway, we need to know how to flirt and what to do to non-verbally invite an encounter with a male."

"We need the right vocabulary too, without being lurid or whorish," Toot added.

"We'll be glad to pay you a fee for your instruction and ahem..., activity with us. We can afford a very large fee,"

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Lizzy said.

"I'm not a gigolo. That's an insult, offering payment for it."

"No offense intended," Lottie said. "However, Project Amazon has just begun. We intend to carry it out one way or another."

The hair rose on the back of his neck. His skin crawled. "I see," he muttered. No telling what these girls meant by 'or another'. He thought it best to comply with their proposal and try to put the shoe on the other foot or at least get some boots on. The situation was a bit one-sided at present. Besides, it might be an adventure of a lifetime. Wait until he told his buds.

Sam leaned back in the lawn chair and crossed his foot over the opposite knee. "Just how long did you intend for this..." he hesitated trying to think of a word, "Instruction to last?"

"Three days. We brought supplies for three more days."

"So you expect me to fuck the three of you in three days?"

He watched them wince at his use of the word, fuck.

"We find the use of common four letter words offensive," Toot said.

The prim little lift of her head and the tone raised Sam's hackles. "Well, I find sitting here naked and being jacked off against my will, offensive too. So just get used to the sound of lots of four letter words if you want so-called instruction. There's not a man alive who doesn't use them or at least think them when he's on the prowl for some cunt."

Toot's lips trembled. "Maybe this is not such a good idea after all."

"Toot, toot, toot," the other two sang. "Come on, Toot. If you don't try, you might as well become a nun. We won't let

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you get hurt."

A pregnant silence followed as all six eyes were trained on him, waiting for a response. Sam picked up a stick and made circles in the sand at his feet. After another moment, he answered, "Okay, I'll take on your project."

The girls yahoood.

"But I have some stipulations. First, either I get back my clothes or you get as naked as I am. I prefer to start where normal people do, clothed."

"What else?"

"When I approach any of you, if I do any action that's offensive to you, all you have to do is say no or stop. I don't rape and pillage," he hesitated, "As some females I know have done." They all lowered their heads at his statement.

"Anything else?"

"Three days is the limit. I have supplies enough to get me out of here. I hiked in and I'll hike out. After the three days, I hope never to see you again. Ever. Are you ready for a one-night stand? No love stuff or future. Just instruction, that's all."

The girls looked at each other to consider his stipulations. Then they huddled just out of hearing. Returning to the circle of lawn chairs, one of them retrieved his clothes. They stared at him as he began to dress.

"Let a man have a bit of privacy, Ladies. Turn your heads while I dress."

"No way, brother. It's almost as sexy to see you put on clothes as taking them off."

He stood up and stepped into his knit boxers, while they watched. He pulled on his jeans, leaving his zipper open until he scrubbed on his tee shirt to tuck it in all around.

"Need any help tucking..." the red head said.

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"No thanks."

"Shucks," she said.

Sam sat and put on his socks and boots. When done, Lottie leaned forward and asked, "Where do we begin?"

"Well, I thought I'd give you some basic instruction, the routine at a singles bar. You can take off or put some more on according to the location or event as suits the occasion."

"Like at a church function?" Toot asked.

"Or in Vegas or at a wild party?" Lottie added.

"Exactly. First, dress how you want it."

"I hope you don't mean mini skirts and fishnet hose," Toot said.

"Not necessarily, but high heels help. Don't button up to the top either." Sam reached over and started to unbutton the top buttons on Lizzy's shirt. She grabbed his hands, shock on her face. "The words are 'no' or 'stop', Lizzy," he said, but he didn't remove his hands.

His touch shocked Lizzy all right. Contrary to what he thought, his touch didn't make her want to say, no or stop, but go, go, go. His touch put a surge of electricity through her, making her want much more than his hands on her shirt and brushing her breast. She slowly dropped her hands. Sam unbuttoned three buttons.

"Show a little cleavage. Buttoned up tight in work type clothes, you're saying, 'stay away'. Bright colored clothes help. Cross your legs, ladies." They did. "Two knees tight together, uncrossed say 'too prim and proper'. Spread legs is unladylike or too countrified, unschooled. You might even swing your crossed foot a bit or tap in time to the music."

Sam stared at each of them. They all dropped their eyes after only a moment of his glare. "Chin up, gals. Don't look

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down. Look right at who you want to attract." He used his first two fingers to point to his own eyes. "Look right here. Make eye contact.

"That's better," he said when they looked at him. "If someone you like returns your look with a smile, smile back. I like an occasional wink too, but that is a little more forward." He examined each girl.

"Toot, if you wear your hair down, keep you chin up so it doesn't hide your face. Learn to flip your hair over your shoulder like this." The girls laughed at his very feminine gesture.

"Lizzy, get a better hair style," indicating her chopped off all one length style. "It looks like some nun put a bowl on your head to cut it."

"You're right. She almost did," Lizzy replied. They laughed.

Lizzy hid her disappointment. Sam thought her unattractive. She so longed for his attention, his approval, that he might think her attractive. He'd said no mushy stuff, but that's what she was feeling. Mushy, right down to her toes.

"Lottie, practice more feminine movements. Yours are too athletic, too butch."

"What's butch?"

He couldn't believe her innocence. "Like a man. Take smaller steps when you walk instead of striding out. Don't fist your hands. Relax your neck and push your shoulders back. Throw out your chest more instead of caving it in. You've got boobs. Be proud of them."

"What about conversation? We don't know what to say."

"For God's sake, don't practice opening lines. Most guys hate them with the vengeance. I like women who are straight

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forward with me, not too flirty, no cutesy stuff."

"We don't know what that means."

"How would you get acquainted with another girl? Or say with a new professor? Or a fellow student on a PROJECT," he said, with emphasis.

They snickered. "Talk about the weather, your name, where he's from, questions like that. Ask the person to dance. If it clicks, you'll have no trouble talking because you'll have something in common to talk about like sports, movies, music, or whatever. Besides, if you like each other, you'll be interested in finding out about each other."

They idled the afternoon away, moving their chairs to follow the shade, practicing Sam's very basic instructions. Finally, Sam rose. "What's for dinner? I'm hungry."

"We have more steak and potatoes, but we didn't do very well cooking them last night."

"Got any foil?" he asked. He wrapped the potatoes in foil and buried them in the coals.

"I'll cut up a salad," Toot said.

"None for me. I don't like lettuce," he said.

"We have coleslaw."

"That's fine." He sat down, to wait for the food to cook. "You mentioned you liked clean shaven. Sorry. I didn't bring a razor. I don't usually shave when I'm camping."

Toot disappeared and returned with a pink disposable razor, some foam for legs, and a mirror. Lottie got a bowl of warm water from the pan on the fire. He shaved while the steaks cooked. The girls watched his every move, as if enthralled with the manly occupation.

When Sam moved around the fire he laid his hand on Lizzy's hip. She jumped, obviously startled. He left his hand

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there. "Lizzy, the words are no or stop. Don't jump like a snake bit you."

Lizzy's thoughts raced as fast as the feelings his touch, just his touch on her hip sent tremors to every inch of her, especially to lower parts. If he only knew what his touch did to her and what she wanted in the worst way. She grinned. "I'm just not used to touch factor, even from my parents. The nuns at school never touched us either, and certainly there were no men around to do it." Inside her head, she screamed silently, *Yes, yes, touch me all over.*

"If you want sex, hon, it takes a lot of touching. You did a pretty good job with me this morning," taking his turn to grin. "Now the shoe's on the other foot, no?"

Sam cooked the steak and potatoes to perfection. During dinner sitting around the campfire, Sam said, "You asked me questions. Now it's my turn. I've got a few questions. For starters, how old are you?"

"Twenty-one," the girls said in unison. "We are all the same age with our birthdays in the same month. We try to have a super birthday party with something special every year. This year we celebrated by renting an apartment together," Lottie said.

"We've been together since the fifth grade," Lizzy added.

"How in the hell in this day and age did you grow up so sexually deprived? Most girls these days are well versed in sex by the time they hit high school."

"Our parents put us in a very cloistered private girls' boarding school in Switzerland in the fifth grade. By the time we got through high school by US standards, we were fully indoctrinated as nerds," Lizzy volunteered.

"My family is..." Toot started.



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"Very rich," Lottie interrupted.

"That's not what I was going to say," Toot said, with a quick glare at Lottie. "They are from the old school in Mexico. I didn't go anywhere without a bodyguard or duena."

"She still wouldn't if they had their way." Lottie took a sip of her coke. "Her father would have her married off to some old geezer of his choice by now, if she hadn't been so smart, especially in banking. She's working on her doctorate in finance and her father's a banker."

"A doctorate? Damn! At twenty-one?" Sam had to fight feeling intimidated.

"She could have already had it if she hadn't decided to have a triple major in college."

"How about you, Lottie?" Sam recrossed his legs and leaned back in his chair.

"Same story. My father is in big time politics. I've had a bodyguard to dodge the media since I could walk. When I was little, it was for my safety. When I got in high school, he was afraid I'd do something to embarrass him and jeopardize his career. I wanted to go to a university, to play volleyball and to try out for the Olympics. My father nixed it because I might get some publicity."

"That leaves you, Lizzy."

"My mother is an actress with a name you'd recognize. My brother was kidnapped before I was born, so my parents have always been overprotective. When she got her first divorce, mother sent me to boarding school to get me out of her hair. She was on a picture.

"All of our parents did their homework and sent us the most straight-laced boarding school on the planet. The nuns taught us that sex other than to procreate as nasty and evil,

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while men in general, the enemy."

Sam shook his head in disbelief. "Damn, I didn't know such places still existed."

"By the time we came back to the states, we were already indoctrinated as the genius nerds. We started to college at sixteen, very young for the college crowd."

"In college the going phrase for us was 'you sure are ugly and your mother dresses you funny.'"

"So how did you get out now?"

"We hit the magic age and rebelled. But we'll be parted in the fall because Lottie goes to UCLA to work on her doctorate."

Darkness fell gently. The breeze whistled down the gully, bringing an evening chill. Their faces had a red glow from the fire.

"Believe me, if I don't get some instruction fast, I'll be scared to death out in the big wide world without these two." Lottie said. "We've always hung close to each other. We competed among ourselves for grades and been shy around others. As much education as we have absorbed, it didn't include public relations or relationships."

"So you're all three on the genius level," he said, a statement, not a question.

"That's a bad word to us. So many people have said that to us with almost a sneer. Then they escape to keep from talking to us."

By the last light of day, the girls hurriedly cleaned up dinner dishes while Sam righted the listing tent. The girls huddled and decided who would go first with Sam. They drew straws. Lizzy hid her disappointment that she wasn't first. She so longed to be first and always with Sam. As they dragged out

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cots and sleeping bags and put them next to the fire, Lizzy looked longingly at the tent. Inside the tent, when they blew up an air mattress with covers, Lizzy let her imagination go berserk, seeing in her mind Sam's wonderful body entwined with hers. She had to put on a real act to hide her true feelings in front of the other two girls.

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### *Chapter Five*

Sam yawned. "It's been a long day for me. You woke me up kinda early this morning." He cleared his throat for emphasis. The girls giggled. "I think I'll hit the sack. Where do you want me to sleep? Out here."

"No. In the tent."

"That's very gracious of you, ladies."

When Sam entered the tent, he noticed their gear still had new price tags. Chuckling, he shook his head as he lit the lantern and sat down to take off his boots. These chicks are green as grass. All brain, no street smart. He settled back with his hands behind his head, wondering if the women expected him to sleep alone. He had some doubts about his promise to break three cherries. He had fucked only one virgin which proved to be a disaster, a groping, clumsy tussle in the back seat of his brother's car when he was fifteen.

Most of the women he'd been with were practiced, lovely women who knew how to please and be pleased. He wasn't sure he could make these gals' experiment a good one. He'd hate to turn them all against sex. At twenty-nine, he'd never had a relationship longer than a couple of months' duration. He preferred to be a lifetime bachelor. The product of divorced parents, he had also witnessed his friends who married, already in and out of marriage. Sam had concluded that commitment, even living together, just led to bad endings and a lot of pain. He'd always broken off a relationship when any female showed signs of the nesting fever. Comfortable in his own body, he could do without women altogether if he had to. He loved

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women and sex, but when push came to shove, shove was the answer.

Sam wasn't sure these gals hadn't bit off more than they could chew. Were they really ready to go for a one-night stand? They had been raised with more scruples than he could even imagine. Maybe he'd just be in for some heavy petting. Maybe he'd just rev them up, show them what a climax is without actually messing up a hymen.

A rustle broke into his thoughts. A long shapely leg preceded Lottie into the tent. Sam sat up and swung his legs around. "Come in, Lottie."

She wore an oversized nightshirt with Winnie the Pooh on the front of it. Clearly nervous, she hesitated, shifting her weight from one foot to the other. She chewed her bottom lip.

"Shit, Lottie."

"What's wrong? I can leave if you'd rather." Her words hesitated too, quite different from her firm statements earlier in the day.

"No. No. Come in. I'm just admiring your legs." Lottie had worn relaxed fit jeans and an oversized sized shirt, hiding her magnificent attributes. He was surprised. "Why in the hell do you hide stems like that in sloppy jeans? It's a crime."

"You don't think I'm too fat?" she said in a tiny voice.

"Fat? Forget that, babe. You've got a body that makes guys' tongue hang out."

"I was," she hesitated, "chubby growing up. I got used to wearing big clothes. They're comfortable."

"Take off the clothes." When she didn't respond, he added, "Now!"

"What?"

"You heard me."

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"Can't we turn off the light?"

"You wanted instruction. Apparently, you need instruction about your own body, so strip, kid." Her hands trembled. After a moment's hesitation, she caught the bottom of her tee shirt and pulled it over her head.

Sam, amazed, whistled a catcall. Lottie, with arms lifted to pull off the ridiculous shirt, revealed tight abs, a slim waist, and an abundant set of boobs. She wore white cotton panties invented for women over sixty and a basic cotton bra made for hefty breasts.

"Next time you buy underwear, I suggest something from Victoria's Secret to show off your assets better." She stood there, her arms crossed at her midriff. "Turn around." She turned her back to him. "Take off your panties." Slowly, she pushed them down her legs and bent over to push them all the way. She stepped out of them.

"Hmm, you've got a very attractive ass, Lottie. Now, turn back around and finish the job."

"Finish the job?"

"The bra. Lose the bra." She reached behind her and released the clasp. Sam expected her heavy breasts to droop without support, but they stood tall with small, light beige areola and nipples.

"If I'm too ugly, you don't have to instruct me," she stammered. "I could understand why you might be turned off."

"Hell, woman. Whoever told you that you are ugly? You've got a body like one of those Amazons you copy. My God, Lottie, you've got a body men would salivate over, a body to be loved. You ought to be really proud of it."

She relaxed a bit. "I'm glad you think so. Do I have to just stand here?"

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"I'm just enjoying the view." He stood and approached her. She was tall, at least five ten or more, just a couple inches shorter than his six foot plus. He touched her cheek, then let his hand slide down her neck and chest to her breast. With one finger, he circled one pale brown tit, making it harden with his touch. She shivered with goose bumps.

"Try to relax. Discovering a body should be a pleasant experience. I like what I see and feel." He gently caressed one breast. She flinched, stiff as double starched jeans. He knew he had to do something to make her loosen up, to make her less than a stick.

"Take my clothes off," he ordered.

"Beg your pardon," she said.

"You did it this morning. What's the difference? Take my clothes off."

With trembling fingers she unbuttoned the flannel shirt he'd put on when the sun went down. Scrubbing the sleeves down his arms, she let the shirt fall. She proceeded to raise his tee shirt and he lifted his arms to permit its removal. She tossed it over her shoulder, apparently forgetting about her own nudity.

"Feel me. Touch me," he said. She ran her fingers down his arms and over his chest. "Feel good?" She only nodded. "Now the jeans." He'd already unfastened the top button. Slowly she started to slide the zipper down, her face flushing. His penis hardened with the attention. Very carefully, she released the zipper permitting his dick to spring out against the less resistant shorts.

"Take down the shorts and jeans all at once." Hooking her thumbs in the waistbands, she stooped to lower his pants and shorts together slowly. She knelt in front of him to lower his

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jeans at eye level with his cock. He flexed it, making it bob next to her nose.

"It's so big," she said, seemingly enthralled with it.

"Thanks for the compliment."

"Do you think it will fit? A tampon fits in me snugly. I don't think I can accommodate you."

"Oh yeah, Lady. It'll fit like a glove. Just wait and I'll show you."

"Are we ready to stick it in?"

He laughed. "We're a long way from that. First, get familiar with my body. Feel me all you want to."

After she'd satisfied herself with the front of him, she said, "Turn around."

He did.

"Did you ever play football?"

"Some, in high school."

"You must have played tight end. I really like tight ends."

He laughed, glad that she had relaxed enough to make a joke. He flexed his haunches for her benefit.

"Oh yes. You've got a nice, very nice, butt." She ran a fingernail lightly up the crack of his ass. He knew right then she was the one who had stuck the finger up his asshole this morning, a totally new experience for him. He turned and took her in his arms. He placed her arms around him. One of her hands slid up around his neck, the other clutched one cheek of his ass. Her abundant boobs pressed into his chest, his dick against her tight abs.

Nice, he thought. He couldn't remember screwing a woman this tall. Standing, they just fit. Tilting his head slightly, he started to kiss her. He met dry lips and teeth tightly shut. "Relax. Make your mouth soft and open a bit." Brushing



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his lips tenderly over hers, she trembled again. He deepened the kiss, playing havoc with her tongue and teeth. She copied his lead. She was a fast study. Her kisses went from nothing to very sexy in a surprisingly short time.

When they came up for air, he said, "Lottie, you tell me what you like and what doesn't feel good anywhere along the line. Remember the word is stop or no and I'll try my best to comply." He laid her down on the air mattress and began kissing her, first all over her face, then her neck. At each place, he questioned, "Does that feel good?"

"Yes," she replied.

He kissed down her chest to her full breast. "Does that feel all right?"

"Oh yes, that feels really good."

He took one nipple into his mouth and nipped slightly. "Oh, yes," she said, sighing. He took the nipple fully into his mouth and sucked. "Yes, yes," she said as she arched her head back and groaned, squirming slightly under him.

"Can't let the other one suffer." He switched breasts while kneading the one he abandoned. He sucked the other one a while. He could tell she loved it, rubbing his back and humping a bit. After a while, he drew the two tits together, placed his face in between. He blew out with a blubbering sound, shaking his head in between the two mounds. She laughed. "I've always wanted to have a woman with big enough tits to do that. The ultimate to a man! I love big tits."

He continued to kiss down her torso. Her laughter turned to a gasp. Her hands clutched his head, slightly pulling his hair. "Oh, oh, oh," her only words.

"Just let yourself feel, Lottie. Does that feel good?"

She didn't seem to be able to talk, just nodded. "Spread

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your legs, Lottie. No, wider. Really wide," he said. His hands kept busy rubbing her upper thighs, while he kissed down her body. He kissed over her pubic region at the same time as his hands reached her groin. She stiffened when he touched her cunt. "Relax, babe. I won't hurt it."

"No one's ever touched me there," she said.

"I am. Make yourself relax and tell me to stop or go." He fingered her labia and kissed her mound again. He inserted a finger inside her. She was juicy, but she stiffened. "Feel me inside you, Lottie. Loosen the bone, Wilma, and feel my finger in your cunt." Her legs had closed on him. He held her open with his elbows. He watched her as she battled to try to relax to his invasion. She was successful.

"How does that feel now?" He tickled her nub a bit.

"Different. Strange. But exciting. Good"

He lowered his kisses to her clitoris, tonguing her nub and started a rhythm with his finger. As her juices increased, he added a second finger to her cunt, flicking all the time with his tongue on her. She responded with involuntary thrusting to his mouth and fingers. He jammed a third finger into her—a tight fit—and sucked her. She flew apart, screaming with a super climax, so unexpected he thought someone had invaded from Mars. He continued his rhythm until the pulsing of her vagina stopped. She lay there, panting like she'd run a marathon, a slick sheen of sweat covering her body.

"I never thought it'd be like that." Her breath finally slowed to normal.

"Is that enough lesson?" He hoped it would be enough. He wasn't exactly sure he was ready to break a brand new cherry, even though her lush body spread before tempted him.

"Oh no. We haven't actually done it." She hesitated. "I

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want the whole course, professor. I've only got one night. Right?"

"Haven't you ever had a climax before, Lottie? Even in masturbation?"

"The nuns taught us that touching our genitals unnecessarily was sinful. They said that masturbation would make us go insane or lead us to unlawful acts and urges. Besides, who can masturbate in a crowd?"

"Good God, woman. Let me show you what you've been missing," he said, halfway hoping that getting herself off would be enough instruction from him. He grabbed the mirror he'd used earlier to shave and a flashlight. "Sit up, spread wide, and place this mirror where you can see yourself down there." He shined the light on her when she complied.

"See that little nub right there? Touch it."

Extending a tentative finger, she touched the pink nub, still swollen from her arousal. She jumped, startled.

"It's very sensitive, isn't it? See these two pair of lovely lips? See how wide they are, fresh from your climax?" She nodded. "That's where any man would like to insert himself into your life. See all your juice? Women have natural lubrication just waiting to make a man's penis an easy entry."

"Oh," she said in understanding.

"What a beautiful sight! A woman's cunt. Yahoo."

"Do you have to call it that? It sounds rather demeaning."

"Call it what you want. Cunt, pussy, labia, genitals, but a rose by any name is still a rose." He bent and kissed it. Rising, he said, "Jack yourself off for me, lady."

"I thought you'd do it."

"You need to learn to do it for yourself for when I'm not around. Besides, it'll get me off to watch you."

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"What do I do? I can't kiss myself."

"Put your fingers on the nub and rub. Lay back, close your eyes, and think about my lips on you, my fingers inside you."

She did, rubbing gently as he instructed. This soon after her recent climax, it didn't take but a few moments to bring her up again. Sam hadn't counted on her performance getting to him as much as it did. Just as she came and ready to scream, he knocked her hand away, rose over her and pushed the head of his dick into her tight, tight crevice. Breaking through her barrier, he waited. She gasped at the entry.

"Hurt?"

"A little. I didn't expect you to do that."

"Want me to stop?"

"It you stop now, I personally will cut off your penis and stuff it down your throat."

He laughed and proceeded to gently enter her, pushing in a little at a time and waiting for her to adjust to his size. Suddenly, she grabbed his butt and pulled him into her. "Give me some. Surely, this is not all there is. I want it. Give me more."

He settled into a gentle rhythm. When he drew it out, she clutched to bring him back to her. He increased the romp until she helped, curving her back toward him, and wrapping her legs around him. Her tight fit begin to pulse, making his come impossible to resist. He poured into her, his semen gushing again and again until finally depleted. He flopped his full weight on her, his body rocking, sensitive with the after shock. Finally catching his breath, he started to move off of her.

"Don't leave me," she cried. "Stay." He held her and rolled them both over with his penis still inside her, where her internal muscles kept pinching. He held her to him.

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She cried.

Alarmed, he asked, "Are you hurt?"

"No." After a moment, she said, "It was just so beautiful. Thank you."

A blend of pride and humbleness flooded through him. He'd never been thanked for a screw before. He hadn't realized the importance, the responsibility of introducing a young lady to sex. Somehow he knew she wouldn't forget her first experience as a good one. His success elated him. Whoever got her for life would probably have a helluva good partner. She was a hot. A lot of woman.

"My pleasure, Lottie." He turned her, spooning her to him and pulling the top of the bedroll over them. "Rest now. Sleep, if you can. Maybe after while we can have a repeat performance." He slept.

After an undetermined amount of time, she woke him. "Sam, are you awake? I can feel your penis against my back."

He manually put his cock in her crack where she squeezed it between her legs.

"That feels good, but I want you inside me again."

"We didn't use a condom."

"No problem. We're all on the pill."

"Expecting a confrontation, eh?"

"More like hoping. Becoming virgin-less was our united goal for this year. Some way, somehow."

"Speaking of some way, let's try another."

"Okay, tell me how."

"Roll over on your stomach." He pulled her ass up level with his penis when he knelt. Sticking his finger into her tight cunt, he moved it in and out until she was juicy. When he entered her, he plunged it all the way in to his nuts suddenly,

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then stopped. "The word is stop or no, Lottie."

"The word is go and more, Big Man."

He gave it to her with the vengeance, pulling her hips to him with every thrust at a good pace. She groaned.

"Stop?" he asked, working up a sweat.

"Go," she screamed, panting. He placed a thumb over her tight little brown hole and pushed. "Wow," she said.

He exchanged his thumb for his index finger and inserted it into her ass past the outer muscle, while he continued pumping her pussy. She stiffened with his invasion. "No? Try to relax."

"I can't," she said in a strained voice and screamed in a magnificent climax, her come running out of her in a torrent. Her pulsing irresistible, he thrust harder. His head began to swirl and he forgot all about trying to satisfy anyone else. Thought at all was impossible as the pressure built toward his coming. He lost his vision as he poured his juices into her.

Collapsing to the side of her, he pulled her with him and hung on for dear life while they slowly returned to earth.

"I never expected you to put your finger in my anus. You filled me up like you doubled in size."

He chuckled, knowing that she had been to one to invade him the morning before. "Turn about is fair play. I returned what you did to me, Sweetheart. All's fair in love, war, and intercourse. Heh, babe?"

Pooped, he figured she was too. They both had a sheet of perspiration on them. "Rest now, sugar, and if you're not too sore, maybe we'll get around to another siege before your turn is over." She snuggled up to him, sighed, and slept.

\* \* \* \*

Lizzy and Toot rudely awakened Sam and Lottie when

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they jumped in their bed. The sopping wet, cold girls produced a super shock to Sam and Lottie's warm naked bodies. Sam cussed a streak.

"I hope this tent holds up. The rain is so hard and the wind is fierce," Lizzy said.

Sam finally woke up enough to register what she'd said. Her next words got him fully awake.

"That stream has risen a couple of feet."

Sam sprang out of bed and started yanking on his clothes. "Up and at 'em, Ladies. Hurry. Get dressed, especially your shoes. Grab everything you can and let's get out of here."

"What's the hurry?" Toot said. "It's raining too hard for us to get out in it." She pulled the covers over her, snuggling down. "At least wait for it to slack up some. I'm cold." She shivered.

"No time. There's gonna be a flash flood. No shit. Don't question me. Just do it," Sam yelled as he jerked on his socks and laced up his boots. "Move it. Fast!"

"Why?" Lizzy questioned, although she began pulling her wet nightshirt over her head. "It just started raining a few minutes ago." She stumbled over the two sleeping bags they had dragged in with them, trying to get to her knapsack which held her clothes.

Sam started rolling up the sleeping bags and securing them. The girls ran into each other, trying to get dressed in the limited space and cram stuff in their backpacks.

"If the creek has risen two feet, it's probably already rained a lot upstream. It's also getting all the runoff from the hill. Hurry!" Sam rushed outside, snatched the grill and the coffee pot off the cold fire, ran a ways, and slung them as far as he could up the hill. He started back down, but slid most of the

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way as the pounding rain turned the dust and gravel into mud.

The creek had already risen another foot, quickly creeping higher. The water made a roaring sound now, and a louder roar came down the canyon, like an approaching train.

When he reentered the tent, Lizzy and Lottie had strapped on their backpacks. Toot was closing her suitcase.

"Let's go. Don't worry about anything else; just get your asses up that hill." Sam followed them outside with a bedroll under each arm. Lottie and Lizzy made good time, considering that their feet slipped with nearly every step. Sam missed Toot and turned to see she had only progressed about four feet above the tent, sitting down trying to drag her heavy suitcase.

Sam went down to her. "Drop it, Toot," he yelled over the sound of the rain, the wind, and the gush of the stream. "Come on. Hurry. Give me your hand." They made it about ten feet above the creek bed when the roar burst upon them. He looked up to see a wall of water coming down the gully toward them. Turning, he grabbed Toot with both hands and pushed his feet to climb, pulling her after him. But they both slipped down.

The wall of water hit, sweeping Toot's feet out from under her. He strained against the pull of rushing current. Gritting his teeth, he got a better grip on her wrists, the force of the water almost unbearable. He struggled to hang on to her, his muscles stinging. The image of Toot being swiped out of his hands struck him. She was so small and fragile, he knew she'd never survive this deluge of water, mud, and debris. Hell, he wouldn't himself.

He could feel the earth giving away beneath him as the water ate away at the bank. He decided that he'd rather go with her than have to face the realization he let her go and lived, permitting her to die. It would drive him crazy to know he



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hadn't done everything he could to save her. For that matter, not just her, but any human being.

Suddenly, Sam felt hands under his left armpit, then on the other side. He realized that Lottie and Lizzy had come back to help. They sat, planting their heels into the mud for traction, and yanking on him in unison. They might gain a foot with a yank. Then they'd plant again and pull again.

"Pull, Lizzy. We'll get them. Just keep pulling."

Sam slid upward. Now able to get an even better grip on Toot, he hooked his arms under her armpits and locked his hands on her chest, even though the pressure of the water on her increased. The level of the water had risen to her thighs in spite of the progress they'd made. He pushed with his feet, trying again and again for every hold with his heels.

Sam heard a different sound, a clang and clash. He looked up to see a massive something coming toward them. At first he couldn't figure out what it was. He couldn't imagine anything that big out here. Then he realized that the object he saw was the bottom of their Range Rover, coming straight at them.

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### *Chapter Six*

The SUV had tipped over on its side. All three of them renewed their efforts, trying to work in fast unison, digging in their heels and yanking, then doing it again. They finally managed to make some headway to get Toot's dead weight above the water level. She had either run completely out of energy or passed out.

Finally above the water level, they watched the Range Rover spin in a sudden eddy, before disappearing down the creek, taking chunks out of the bank and more debris with it. They all lay there on the hillside in the mud for a little while, just trying to catch their breath. The rain still came down in sheets. Then Mother Nature started peppering small hail with the rain. It stung when it hit. Sam urged the girls to keep on climbing up the hill. Then he picked up Toot and started after them. He immediately slipped and fell.

The thunder blasted and growled right over their heads, followed quickly by blinding lightning. Not long after that, the hail stopped and rain slackened to just a steady downpour. Lottie and Lizzy had given up trying to walk up the hill and started to crawl.

Sam tried to rise again and walk with Toot in his arms. It was impossibly slick, the run-off from the steep hill poured over the tips of his boots. He sat down and tried to think of a way to get Toot up the hill. He went back to the position he had while pulling her out of the water. She lay back on his chest, his back to the hill in a sitting position. He stuck his heels in the ground for traction and scooted inch by inch up the hill.

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After a while Toot recovered and they began to crawl together. It took two forevers to reach Sam's campsite. He had no idea of the time, but it seemed like two or three hours. His little pup tent had weathered the storm so far. He had placed and secured an extra tarp over the top of it against the intense sunlight and moisture. Lottie and Lizzy reached it first.

"Wait," Sam yelled. "Take off your wet clothes before you go in."

They all stripped off their sopping, filthy clothes. They crawled in the tiny tent. There wasn't enough room for anyone to lie on his back. "Spoon," Sam said. They collapsed in a four deep cuddle. For a while, they shivered in unison. He pulled the top of his double sleeping bag over them.

Lizzy spooned around Lottie with Sam at her back. In only a few moments, she heard the steady breathing of everyone in the tent. Wide-awake, she relished Sam's warm body at her back. She didn't know if he was always this warm or whether her thoughts of him heated her. She only knew she wished she could spoon just like this, naked as newborns, to sleep each night.

No, Liz Ann, she told herself again and again. This is just a project. You're only attracted to him because he's the only male within umpteen miles and agreed to teach you about sex. Like a patient being attracted to a doctor or nurse, it was just hormones talking. Students got crushes on their teachers all the time. But her heart shouted, it's more than that. You want him for yourself, to have and to hold. Finally, exhaustion claimed her and she slept like the others.

None of them remembered any thing else until morning, a bright shining morning with the sun high. Not a cloud marred the high blue sky.

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The foursome emerged from the tent, awed by the sight of the devastation. Everything in the girls' old campsite had disappeared. The stream had settled down to about a foot deep, but it ran fast and muddy still. Lizzie and Lottie donned shorts and tees from their backpacks. Lizzie lent Toot some underwear. They laughed because the panties were miles too big. She tied a knot in the waist so they'd stay on. Sam lent her a shirt. The sleeves hung to her knees. They sat eating granola bars which Sam furnished.

Lizzy stared at the barren sand bar where their camp had been. "Now we know why you camped on the hill."

"Wow, I'm sore all over," Lottie complained.

"And stiff," Sam added.

"You are?" Lottie asked with a hopeful, sly, flirty look on her face.

"Hell, not that way. Down, girl." They all laughed.

"I feel like someone beat me with a rubber hose," Lizzy said.

"I lost my shoes," Toot said. "What will I do without clothes or shoes?"

Lizzy flung her arm around Toot's shoulders and gave her a kiss on the cheek to try to comfort her. "Don't worry, Toot. We'll manage. We'll get your clothes."

"Up and at 'um, gals. We have to see what we can salvage and find a new shelter." He started building a fire, but it was slow going with wet wood and it smoked a lot. He looked around the surrounding countryside for possible natural shelters since obviously the pup tent was too small for them. The girls spread out the wet sleeping bags and their clothes on rocks to dry.

"Toot, you stay here and try to keep the fire going. You'll

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have to keep feeding it kindling patiently until the bigger wood gets dried out enough to burn. Lottie, you and Lizzy walk down the creek and see if you can salvage anything, especially food. I'll go scout around and see if there is better shelter for us."

"We kept all the food in the truck. We were afraid that animals might be attracted to it."

"Normally, I'd say that was a smart move," Sam answered.

Lottie and Lizzy struck out down the hill, while Sam went up. It amazed the girls how innocent the stream looked now, gurgling along, when it was a ten foot deep monster the night before. "I always thought that flash floods were just dime dreadfuls or Hollywood bunk before. I guess we know better now," Lottie said.

They walked along the bank of the creek, picking up pieces of clothing thrown from Toot's suitcase. Miraculously, they found both of Toot's shoes, one completely filled with mud. They washed them off as best they could.

"Let's start a pile of salvage and then we can come back to one spot to retrieve it."

Farther down the creek bed and around a corner in the gully, they stopped and just stared. The Range Rover lay on its side, caught in a narrow rocky spot in the small canyon. With mud and debris, it formed a dam, making a pool of clear water. Two Thermos jugs and the mattress that Lottie had slept on the night before floated on top of the water. They found the big pot which they had used to boil water. Walking around the pool, Lottie climbed up on the side, now the top of the SUV.

"Do you really think you ought to do that, Lottie?" Lizzy asked, worried. "It could roll over and hurt you."

"I'll be careful. I want to see if we can get inside it."

Lizzy scrambled up beside her and together they tugged

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open a side door which faced up.

"Look, Lizzy. The ice box is still shut." It floated on about a foot of water, still plugged into the lighter. In the electric ice box they had kept their perishables. Lottie lowered herself into the car. Lizzy followed. Lottie snatched the cord from the plug. They struggled, but finally got the box up and out of the truck. The bread, crackers and chips were ruined. But Lizzy retrieved a sack of oranges from under her foot, along with two loose apples and a lemon. She also found a case of canned soda pop.

Lottie, being the athlete she was, pulled herself up and out of the door. Then she helped pull Lizzy out. They carried their loot back to their pile. There they opened the chest. They found two small steaks, a large roast, hamburger patties, some fish, bacon, ham, margarine and a carton of two dozen eggs. They found waterlogged and wilted vegetables. The meat was still cold, but the fish didn't smell good. They disposed of it. Lizzy opened the carton of eggs expecting to find a mess. Miraculously, only one of the eggs was even cracked. They thought that amazing after such a rough ride down the creek.

The girls made another trip around the pool to the truck to retrieve the Cokes and oranges. They sat on the side of the pool and helped themselves to a can of Coke. They decided they needed to get the meat and perishables back to camp, along with Toot's tennis shoes which had dried some. Carrying the ice box between them, they started back to camp, struggling up the still slippery hill.

When Lottie and Lizzy got back to Sam's camp, Toot had a roaring fire going. Sam had just returned from his trip too. They sat around the campfire, showing off their bounty and telling of their hunting adventure.

"I found a natural shelter," Sam said, pointing up the hill.

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"It's almost to the top of the hill and to the west a bit. It's a large overhanging rock over a cave like place. It's about, oh, I'd say about twelve by twelve, big enough to sleep us all. I suggest we keep the cooking fire here and sleep up there."

"Does that mean the instruction is over?" Lizzy asked. She definitely wanted her night with Sam. She longed for his touch and the chance to touch him.

Sam, a bit surprised that she even thought about that. All he had in mind was surviving and walking three tenderfoots back out to civilization with enough food and water. He thought a moment. "Not if you don't want it to be. Might be a nice diversion. I suggest we stay the original three days, that's today and tomorrow before we try to hike out on the fourth day. That will give us enough time to plan our hike and rest up."

They ate ham and eggs for lunch. Sam said they'd eat the hamburger patties for supper since they wouldn't keep. He planned to make jerky out of the rest of the beef for the trip back. After lunch the girls went back to the stock pile of loot they'd gathered. They even managed to bring back the mattress and the thermos jugs from the pool. Later in the afternoon, Sam took them all up to the shelter he'd found. He scouted the cave-like indentation in the side of the hill for any snakes or animals who might have decided to use it as their shelter too. They discovered the ancient remnants of a fire, proof that someone in the past had used this for a shelter too.

Back at Sam's camp fire, they had an afternoon snack and a coke. "Girls, we made a mess, or rather the storm did. The rules of camping are to pick up after yourself and leave the land as close to clean as you found it," Sam said.

"Okay," Lizzy said. "The first trips down the creek were to

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gather what we could use. You're saying we need to go back and gather up all we can and either burn it or bury it. Right?"

"Right. Any thing we can't carry out but is salvageable, we need to store where someone else may use it. We can't carry much, but we ought not to leave a garbage dump behind us either."

The girls struck out down the hill to the creek to do their housecleaning, or rather their land cleaning. Sam stayed at camp to cut the meat in thin slices to prepare the jerky.

Walking along the bank of the stream, Lizzy picked up some trash and a pair of Toot's panties.

"Don't you dare burn my panties, Lizzy. I'll wash them," Toot said snatching the garment out of Lizzy's hand.

"Lottie, you haven't told us a word about your adventure. We are assuming you are less than a virgin now and have been initiated to womanhood."

"Boy, am I."

"And...?"

"It was wonderful."

"Okay, give us a blow by blow, the down and dirty details. The inquiring mind wants to know."

Lottie thought a minute on how to approach the subject matter as they walked along, picking up any refuse they found. "Intercourse was beyond my wildest dreams, not at all a painful chore like the nuns told us. They said we'd just have to grin and bear it like it would be awful. Not so. Climax is just that, a little death. You feel like you are literally going to die because the pressure is that intense. A super joy."

"Wow, you not only got rid of your hymen, but had a climax as a bonus," Lizzy said.

"Not just one climax. Several, several."



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Lizzy had a pang of jealousy. She wished with all her heart that those climaxes had been hers. She put on her best face and listened to Lottie's blow-by-blow, but mentally she put herself in Lottie's place.

"Did it hurt?" Toot asked.

Lottie thought a minute. "It's much like getting a flu shot. It stings at first and leaves you a bit sore for a day or two, but the result is worth it."

The girls laughed. "That's the first time I ever heard sex compared to a flu shot. That's rich. So can we assume also that Sam is a pretty good teacher?" asked Lizzy.

"I've thought about that. I wanted to tell you about him more than the act itself. Sam made me feel..." Lottie stopped talking trying to think how to say what she wanted. "Sam made me feel like a beautiful woman."

"But we've been telling you that since puberty, Lottie. Why is his saying it so different?"

"First because he's a man and because he doesn't love me like you two. I didn't believe you were seeing my real body. I believed that even if I weighed three hundred pounds, you two would still say I'm beautiful because I know you love me."

"We'd love you if you weighed four hundred pounds, but we aren't blind either. I've always thought you look like what the Amazon women should have looked like."

"That's funny. Sam said the same thing. Did you compare notes before I saw him?" Lottie picked up a small flat rock and sent it sailing down the creek, trying to get it to skip across the water.

"No," said Lizzy.

"I didn't," said Toot.

Lizzy had her first doubts about her initiation into sex.

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Sam thought Lottie beautiful and she is with her long legs and well kept body. But he had said her hair was ugly. He probably thought her ugly all over. She wished that he would think her beautiful too and be as attracted to her.

While they gathered up all the refuse around the creek and took it to a burn pile, putting by things that wouldn't burn or what they wanted to save, Lottie began to give them an explicit account of one of the most exciting nights of her life.

"It was great until you two inserted your wet cold bodies into our bed. That wasn't nice at all. It was a shock to say the least. Sam had said we'd try to get some more before morning."

"More? Still another time?"

"You know what? Come to think about it, I don't know whether I could have stood another go around," she said, and did an exaggerated bowlegged walk, holding her back like an old man. The girls rolled with laughter. "At least until another night, that is," Lottie added, winking at them.

On the way back to camp, Lizzy and Toot drew straws to determine who would get the next lesson from Sam. Lizzy, disappointed again, still had to wait.

Toot won, but she said she was scared. Really strange, Lizzy thought. Toot didn't want to be picked and Lizzy couldn't wait until her turn.

After supper of beef patties and some carrots that Sam had, they told Sam of his new bed partner. "Lizzy and I will sleep in pup tent, and you break in the new shelter with Toot."

Sam didn't reply. He just took Toot's hand and led her up the hill to the new place. Lizzy watched them walk away. Her heart throbbed with longing, wishing it was her turn.

"What's the matter, Lizzy? Are you afraid for Toot? He'll be kind to her and he really means what he says about the

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words, no or stop," Lottie said.

Lizzy changed her facial expression immediately, knowing that although she had said nothing, she nearly let her feelings show by her facial expression.

"No, I'm not worried about Toot. From what you said, we couldn't have picked a better teacher if we'd had hundreds to choose from. I wondered about my own indoctrination," Lizzy replied.

"He'll be gentle, Lizzy."

Lizzy wasn't sure she wanted gentle. She wanted to be like a tiger at the moment, ready to tear sexually into his body. "He saw how beautiful you are, Lottie. I wish he thought me attractive too."

"Are you kidding?" Lottie slung an arm around Lizzy's shoulders. "You've always been the most attractive of us. You have style and grace and that red hair. Your mother taught you stuff that Toot and I never had about carriage and charm. You are an elegant lady. Quit worrying. You'll have your turn and love it like I did. I'm certainly looking forward to my next partner, whoever he is, just because Sam's such a good teacher. Now cut the crap and let's bed down. We've got a big day ahead of us tomorrow."

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### *Chapter Seven*

When they got there, Sam thought the place looked quite cozy. The girls had reclaimed the air mattress and made it up with a double bedroll. He lit the three candles they'd confiscated from Sam's pack and placed on rocks around the room. Sam made a dive for the bed. He turned to see Toot just standing at the edge of the ledge, not entering the shelter, with her face filled with pure fear.

Uh oh, Sam thought. If he ever got to her cherry, it would be a hard nut to crack. He had intended to start with her like he had with Lottie, but saw right away, that approach wouldn't work with the timid Toot.

"Scared?" he asked.

She gulped audibly, making a jerky nod. "Petrified," she admitted.

"Come here," Sam said, opening his arms. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to. Remember, that's the rules. The words are stop or no. Just let me hold you a while." He wrapped his arms around her. She was tiny, at least a foot shorter than him. He guessed she'd have trouble measuring five foot and probably weighed about a hundred pounds.

"What scares you most?"

"You're so big."

"I understand. This doesn't have to be a complete bust. Would you like to feel me?"

"I like kissing. Okay? Like we did yesterday when we captured you."

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"Okay." He sat down and pulled her to sit in his lap. "You do it. Kiss me."

Hesitating, obviously unsure of herself, she finally put her arms around his neck and softly laid her lips on his. Her pure innocence, her very naivety and shyness overwhelmed Sam and in turn an unexpected turn-on. All of his experience involved practiced women who came on with the vengeance. This tender softness, her gentleness came as a whole new bag of beans for him.

"Sweet, so sweet," he murmured against her lips. The kiss deepened. He gently rubbed her back, proving okay with her. They kissed a long time. He increased his tongue invasion, occasionally nipping her bottom lip. She followed his lead, copying his actions, until her lips grew swollen and pouty. He got an idea how to get to the next level.

"Toot, I pulled my shoulder last night. Would you mind too much to give it a rub?"

"Not at all. I have a little experience in massage."

"You do? That's cool," he said while removing his shirt. Her hands kneaded his body, firm yet still gentle.

"Show me exactly where." He pointed to his shoulder and his ribs. He lay back and perched her straddling his stomach. She kneaded his shoulder. He groaned his approval. She gradually increased the area of her attention to his chest. In return, he ran his hands under her shirt to her back, trying to match the way she touched him.

"Do you like feeling me?"

"Yes."

"I love your hands on me so help yourself to anywhere you want to." After a little while he released the clasp on her bra, giving him unrestricted access to all of her back.

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Gradually, he ran his hands around her ribs to the outside of her breast. His penis rose, touching her butt.

"Can I take off your shirt, Toot?"

"Silly, it's your shirt." She didn't wait for him to remove it, but skimmed it over her head without having to unbutton it and dropped it on the floor.

"Um! Beautiful," he said, admiring her breast. He started to touch her, but she took his hands in hers. He thought she'd hold his hands away from her, but she placed his hands on her breasts which surprised him. For such a small woman, they were good sized, a handful apiece. Her nipples beaded up with his touch. He kneaded, very gently, and teased the tips with his thumbs.

"Ouch," he said.

"What's wrong?" Her voice rose in panic.

"I've got a cramp in my leg where I think I bruised it last night."

Her brow furrowed in concern. "Let me see if I can help."

"Let me get my jeans off so you can see it."

She laughed. "Are you sure that's the leg you really want me to take care of?"

"Honey, you can take care of all three of my legs any time."

She helped him dispose of his jeans and shorts. "Woo, you're so big."

"How do you feel about that?" he asked.

"It scares me. You scare me."

"Why, sweet? I'd never hurt you."

"I think of your big body on top of me, and I feel..." She paused, obviously reaching for the words. "I don't know. Smothered like you might crush me."

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"I won't."

"My head tells me that, but the rest of me...well, you must admit, you're intimidating."

"I understand. I sort of feel that way myself. I'm about half afraid I'd crush you too. You're so small, next to big old me."

"So do we call off the instruction?"

"No. I just won't get on top." He picked her up and placed her across his upper thighs with her calves folded under her. She squealed at his sudden movement. He lay back. "My balls are in your court, Lady. You're in the driver's seat. See if you can ravish me. Seduce this big old boy. Show me what you want or don't want. My prick and I are at your at your command and at your disposal."

"You mean I'm to do you instead of the other way around?"

"I challenge you. Maybe it's time you showed up your pals, Toot. You could tell them you're the aggressor, not the fucked, but the fuck-ER. Go ahead. When you get ready, all you have to do is sit on my cock. It's time to toot your own horn for a change." He laughed. "But while you're at it, could you possibly blow my horn down there too? Maybe?"

She laughed, throwing back her head, to reveal a lovely, graceful neck. "Okay."

"Try it. You might just like it. I promise as big as it seems, it will fit, even with someone as small as you. Here let me help a little along. First, take off the rest of your clothes."

She stood in place, straddled directly over him and shed her jeans and panties.

"O-o-o, the view from here is Bea-u-ti-ful." The small muff, jet black like her hair, but curled in ringlets.

Again she perched on him with her warm cunt nestled at

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the base of his engorged penis. "That's a pretty little twat you've got there. Can I feel it?"

She nodded her approval. Sam slipped one hand under her with the other hand on her breast. He watched her face intently, looking for any sign of stress. At his first touch, he saw she had doubts, but faded with her sigh when he stroked her vulva. Very softly, he began to rub her clitoris with his thumb, inserting a finger in her vagina, just inside those lovely lips guarding her opening.

Toot groaned, leaning forward to kiss him. As her beautiful long jet black hair flowed all around his head, he could resist moving his hand from her breast to run his fingers through the thick tresses. With his right hand, he delved deeper into her tight, hot little cunt, which grew wet with his ministrations. When she rose to catch her breath from the kiss, she made a small involuntary thrust against his finger.

"Move up here," Sam said.

"Move where?"

"Come sit on my face. I'll hold you."

"You're teasing, aren't you?"

"Not at all. Let me show you another kind of kiss."

He put her hands under her butt and helped her toward his face. She knelt over him, straddled with her lower legs bent under her on either side of his face and her cunt suspended over his lips. "Are you quite sure about this?" she asked.

He didn't answer. He parted her pubic hair with his thumbs and spread wide her labia. He pulled her down to his waiting lips. He lapped alternately from inside her to her nub. She trembled. At first she was stiff and cautious. After only a few more moments, she moaned and sunk into him. With only a few strokes more with his busy tongue, she began an



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involuntary rhythm, a gentle thrust into her. He sucked her. Then he matched his movement to her little thrusts, as if his tongue were his cock.

Suddenly she stiffened, arched her back, threw her head back, holding her breath. Then she screamed. At first Sam thought he'd hurt her somehow. When her scream pierced his ears, he thought so small a person could never make that much noise. Wow, what a climax. Her come began pouring.

Quickly, he lifted her and placed her throbbing crevice over his erect penis. Before she could recover, he guided himself into her vagina with the head of his dick, breaking her barrier. So very tight. This is paradise, he thought, as the pulsations of her orgasm rippled down that unbelievable passage.

He stayed. She came down from her climax. "Hurt?" he asked.

She didn't answer, except with her action, that is. Toot pushed herself down on him, pushing him deeper into her hot channel. He lifted her hips, pushing her up and out.

"No, don't go away," she protested in a stage whisper. Then he pulled her down on him, going even deeper than before. She then understood his action. Toot leaned forward, resting on her elbows to control herself better, where she could do the motion herself. Setting up a rhythm, she rocked back and forth on him.

"Wow," he said. "She really rocks."

Then Sam lost all concern for her and her feelings. With her hair brushing his chest, her boobs scrubbing up him, the action on his peter, made him think only of this incredible feeling. Suddenly, she came again. That already wonderful fucking place started pulsing against him, pinching and

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releasing. He exploded with throbs of his own. With each spurt of semen he was mind boggled. She milked him to the last drop until she could no longer function. Collapsing on his chest, she heaved, her lungs hunting for oxygen. A sheen of sweat covered both of them.

"Oo-ee, Honey. You got it. Never be afraid of that good stuff," he said, breathlessly.

She was still tight on his limp dick, still buried inside her. She straightened out her legs laying full length on him to further hold it tight. He pulled the top of the bedroll to cover them. "Sleep a while, if you can, Hon, right where you are. You feel good to me."

After an undetermined length of time, Toot woke him. She lay nestled to him under his arm pit. "Sam, I want some more," she said.

"With me on top?"

She didn't answer. Her hesitation to approve the idea had Sam wracking his brain for some idea what to do. He spied a large rock in the back of the cave's cavity. "Come on," he said. Leading her to the table-height rock, he laid a pillow on top of it. He lifted her to sit up on the rock. He parted her legs into a wide V and stepped between them, testing for height. "Is this scary?" he asked her.

"No," she answered.

"Kiss me, Toot."

He stepped closer, almost touching her. Her arms crawled up his chest to end behind his neck. He hooked one of her legs around his waist. While she gave him a kiss to die for, he massaged her lower tummy, then her mound, going lower with each small circle of his hands. He ran his fingers through her pubic hair, pulling a little.

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Her kiss changed. Her mouth opened, with her tongue thrusting and then licking his bottom lip. Shit, he thought. No wonder they said this gal's so smart. She sure learned all the tricks fast. With her more tantalizing kiss, he inserted two fingers into her tight cunt. She flexed on his fingers, pinching them, her juices coming already. Softly he rubbed her clit. She gasped, already into a climax.

"I don't want to climax like this," she said. "I just want your big..." She hesitated as if forbidden to use the word. "Penis," and she let out a sigh to have said it. "Inside me."

He laughed understanding her aversion to slang four letter words and any words connected with the genitals.

"So you want me to fuck you, little one?"

"Yes, big boy, come fornicate with me. I want all of you."

He stuck the head of his cock into her. "Is that enough?"

"No. No. Not enough."

Instead of complying with her, he drew out. She clutched him with both her leg around his waist and her arms, trying to draw him back in her.

"Tell me what you want, Toot." He teased her by taking his dick in his hand and rubbing it across her vulva. "Tell me in dirty words."

"Please."

"Please what? Tell me."

"Please fuck me."

"How much?" Guiding with his hand, he entered her again only a little, while giving her clit a swipe or two. "This much?"

Sweat broke out on her upper lip. The edges of her hair line became wet with perspiration. Her pretty little face became a grimace of pure want. Her deep blue eyes dilated with desire.

"More, give me much more." She tried to thrust toward

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him.

"Be still or you'll fall. Tell me what you want. Be nasty and tell me."

"I want more of your penis in me, *please*. I want it all," her voice stronger than her usual shy Toot voice.

He didn't move. "Penis is not a dirty word, Toot. All of what?"

Impatience finally made her mad. "I want all of your big cock in me until I can taste it way up here. Put it all the way in, you bastard and fuck me. You hear?"

He liked this new angry, absolutely beautiful Toot. He roared with laughter and jammed in his big dick as she requested. He crammed it in her snug hole all the way to his balls. She sighed with satisfaction. But he didn't move. She waited for a long moment.

"Move, you motherfucker." It was his turn to be shocked at her language. He never her expected to say that.

"Move," she said. "I can't. Don't tease me anymore. Please do it to me."

"Why do you want to fuck?"

"So I can have a climax."

"So you can what? Climax isn't in my ugly vocabulary."

"So we can come, you sonofabitch. Rut with me. Be a bull. Slap your nuts."

He did. Grabbing her ass, he thrust, softly at first, but soon harder and harder. She clutched him with both legs and arms until he finally just picked her up, and humped her for all his worth, pulling her up and down on him by the cheeks of her butt. She came, her juices running down his legs. She became lax, but only for a moment or two. Then she came again. And again in quick succession, boggling his mind. Her vagina

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pulsed on his dick making him have a super come, a long one. Finally his knees succumbed, getting weak. He stumbled to the bed, staggering and fell on it with them, while she still pulsed on his smaller but so sensitive cock.

They both panted, fighting for air. Then he realized he covered her. He tried to jump off of her. "Sorry," he said. "I didn't intend to be on top of you."

She pulled him back on her. "Wait! Don't leave me yet."

"But I'll crush you."

"What a way to die," she said, sighing.

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### *Chapter Eight*

When their ardor calmed and they returned to earth, Toot lay in his arms. He rolled her over, prone on top of him.

"Listen, Little Toot, let me give you a little advice. Don't you ever, ever let some man boss you around or mistreat you, especially in sex. Use the words no and stop. If any man doesn't want to listen to you, use your karate. But in sex, you be in control, just like you were with me. You tell your partner what you want. Demand it."

When she didn't say anything, just nodded, he continued. "Even when you think you're in love, don't give over to anyone who doesn't give you gentle loving like you gave me tonight. Your sex box is simply out of this world, a beautiful thing." He laughed. "You're ever more wonderful when you get on your high horse and get mad."

She giggled.

"Seriously, you can take any man to heaven and back. Just be sure you're ready before the trip and take yourself along for the ride."

"Okay," she said, in her small voice.

"I tell you this because you are so small. If you don't get enough foreplay, a big dick could tear you to pieces. Are you sore?"

"Only a little."

"A little is okay, especially for your first. I was rough on you. I could have torn you. I never wanted to hurt you, but I got carried away."

"You weren't too rough. I enjoyed every minute. Except

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for when you broke my hymen, it was the trip you spoke of." She lapsed into a Spanish accent he'd never heard from her before.

"Cuddle to me, Missy. Anyway you're comfortable and let's get some sleep."

"Sí, profesor, usted viejo hijo de puta

They slept.

\* \* \* \*

When Sam woke up, Toot had disappeared. He'd slept so late the sun was high in the sky. He turned over and sat up. Next to the mattress sat a yeast roll and a cold cup of coffee. He gulped down the coffee, glad that someone had learned to make good camp coffee. After wolfing down the roll, he yanked on his clothes. Sam set out to find the girls. They needed to prepare for the long trek back to civilization.

When he saw the girls not at the fire site, he walked down the hill. Led by the sound of talk and laughter, he followed the creek bed until he came to a spot just above the pool. The girls stood in waist high water, taking a bath, while they laughed and gossiped. Sam crouched down to watch them. They made a beautiful sight, three attractive women, nude, taking a bath in this primitive setting.

Lottie lifted her arms to wash her hair, tensing her beautiful breasts. One of them said something funny. Their laughter sounded like music, echoing down the small canyon. He wished he had a camera since the scene needed to be painted in oils. So he tried to take in the whole picture, making note of not only the women, but the variety in the color of the water, the primitive countryside around them, in striking contrast of their lovely skin and hair. One natural blond, tall and stately, one bright redhead and a tiny Castilian senorita

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with flowing black hair and crystal blue eyes. It could have been a scene from long ago, so universal.

"There you are, you rascal. Spying on us, eh?" Lottie said.

"Get your rusty butt down here," Toot said, surprising him with her speech which used to be so soft and timid.

"You need a bath too," Lizzy added. "This might be our last chance for a while."

"Who wants to smell you and all that used semen," Lottie said. They laughed.

Their laughter made him happy. He thought this could be every man's fantasy. A bath in a remote stream with three gorgeous women. He rose and started shedding his clothes while striding down the hill to the pool.

"Who has the soap?" he asked.

"You won't need it. We'll wash you."

"Yeah," Lottie answered. "You might not wash to our specifications."

"Come to us, Professor Bastardo."

"Here, get your hair wet." They gang tackled him, ducking him. He came up sputtering. "You're too tall. Kneel down so we can wash your hair." Lottie stood behind him to his left side. She grabbed a plastic bottle of shampoo which floated in the water. With Toot's help, she put some shampoo in her palm and applied it to his head, while Toot put the cap back on the bottle. Her massaging of his scalp sent tingles down his spine.

Little Toot stood toward the back of him on his right side. She soaped his shoulders and his back. To hell with streets of gold, he thought. This is heaven right here. Lizzy stood in front of him, with his eyes level with her belly button. He looked up at a beautiful but rather small pair of tits. God, what a sight. Lizzy washed one arm. She knelt down and soaped his other



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arm, then his chest.

Her touch was electric, quite unexpected to him. He'd been touched by all three of them over and over for the past two days, but none of those touches had gripped him like this. Her hands moved down to his lower torso. With her bowed, the sun caught gold highlights in her shiny red hair. The sight suddenly made a lump in his throat.

She took hold of his penis. It jumped to attention in spite of the cool water. Lizzy looked up at him, a sensual, but mischievous, look in her big green eyes. All sorts of warning signals went off big time in his head. Something clicked inside him. She bewitched him. These alarms in his head, which had kept him single, uncommitted all these years, blasted like a fire whistle. "Run," they said. "Don't touch. Break contact!" He shocked himself, drawn to her like a moth to flame of her hair. He couldn't resist her. Her touch kept hypnotizing him. He reached out to her, touching her breast. Another spasm shot straight to his gut.

Somewhere in his psyche, he knew he was in deep shit. But it made no difference. She handled his dick and upper thighs, but her gaze never left his. She licked her bottom lip, slowly. The sight of her tongue moving across her lip enthralled him, making him want to draw her near, protect her in his arms from any harm.

His head told him to slough her off, make some joke, say anything at all. Instead his mouth got dry and nothing came out to ward her off. He had prided himself on his sexual prowess and knowledge. He'd always been impervious to any feelings deeper than the satisfaction of his libido. He'd laughed at other guys who were blinded by their crushes, their so-called love for a woman. They had been stupid in his eyes. He called himself

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the ultimate bachelor, a love 'em and leave 'em guy. What in the hell happened here?

When he fondled her breast, she gasped. He wanted to gasp too, her touch sending an electric current all through his body, making his chest tight. The sound of Toot and Lottie's chatter receded into the background and out of his consciousness. He wanted to step forward and take this women, right here and now in front of God and everybody. She stood up. He stood up. She walked into his embrace, but she never took her hand off his cock. He laid his hand in between her legs, inserting a finger in her. She still gazed at him with a look of wonder. He probably had the same goofy look.

Suddenly, big silence. Lottie and Toot obviously realized something going on between Lizzy and Sam.

"No fair, Lizzy. Today he's all of ours. You don't get him until tonight." Lottie's declaration broke the mood. He released Lizzy and backed away.

"Let's rinse the shampoo out of your hair," Lottie cried. "ATTACK!" The three girls ducked him again, with six hands on his head scrubbing to release the soap.

Sam came up sputtering. He slashed a sheet of water at them in retaliation for their dunking him. He pushed a surge of water at Toot, hitting her square in the face. He tackled Lottie by the legs, sending her over upside down into the water. A huge water fight broke out, three against one. While splashing them, he pinched Toot's tit, gave a hard squeeze to Lottie's ass and a swipe to Lizzy's cunt, dragging the side of his hand through her vulva. How sensational to see her look of pleasure at his gesture. His mouth was suddenly dry and he licked his lips.

Lottie jumped on his back, her arms around his neck,

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while Toot hoisted herself on his chest with her pussy snug against his dick. Lizzy started tickling him. He spun round and round, slinging them off. They took a dunking in the process. He put his hand on top of Lizzy's head and pushed her down under water. When they came up, he hollered, "Whoa! That's enough! Cease and desist!"

They all floated on their backs to get their breath back and relax. Finally, Sam stood. "We need to get to work, Ladies. I have to finish the jerky and get ready to break camp in the morning."

"I'd like to jerky you off," Lottie said. "Time for another anatomy lesson, don't you think, friends? Let's do it." They took his hands and led him to shore. "We'll get a towel for you, Sam."

"Is this trip really necessary?" Sam asked.

"Isn't a blow job sometimes also called a trip?" Lizzy asked.

"Just lay your big old body down here on the sand while we see to you."

"Yeah, you had your way with us, you profesor bastardo."

"It's our turn. Me first," Lottie said, plunking down next to his penis.

"Have a heart, girls," Sam said, but he certainly wasn't protesting too much. He wanted to know what the girls had in mind for him. A blow job sounded fine. Lizzy above his head spread her legs around his shoulders with her cunt smack up against his head. Strange feeling. He'd never had a pussy on top of his head before. Toot at his feet, massaged hard on the soles of his feet.

Lottie at his right side, took his cock in her hand and rubbed it until it rose. Then ducking her head, took him in her

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mouth. Immediately, she was amazing. With an incredible amount of him inside her mouth, she worked him over, licking on her way up and tickling with her tongue on the way back down. She squeezed him, her mouth working wonders. She held the base of his dick with one hand and his jewels with her other hand.

"Goodness, Lottie," commented Toot. "That's the sexiest thing I ever saw. Just watching it makes me come."

Sam just groaned his pleasure. His hand crept up above his head where he inserted a couple of fingers in Lizzy's pussy. His other hand grabbed one of Lottie's big tits and squeezed. Lizzy bent over his head and gave him butterfly kisses on his eyelids and cheeks. He thought she would kiss him upside down, but her lips didn't touch his. She shot her tongue out and set up the same movement that Lottie had on his cock, fucking his mouth with her little tongue.

Sensations all over his body bombarded him, with Toot's hands on his legs, Lottie making hay with his dick and Lizzy at his head. The unworldly combination with so many, he couldn't concentrate on anything. He just lay back and let it all happen.

The pressure built, becoming unbearable. He grunted, then let out a howl of relief when he came into Lottie's mouth. She swallowed and sucked harder. His penis throbbed, pulsing his come. With each contraction, he died the 'little death'. Lottie sucked him dry.

He couldn't focus. He couldn't see for a moment at all. He trembled with sensation, totally drained. Lottie tried to hold up his limp cock and do some more, but he laid his hand on her head. "Enough," he said. "It's too sensitive for that now." She laid her head on his stomach. Toot came and cuddled to him at his left side. Lizzy curled in a tight ball at his right side above

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Lottie. The four of them just cuddled together for a while in the sunshine on the sand next to the pool.

After a while, Sam recovered. "This is nice, ladies, but we need to get up and get to work. I could use some help with the jerky and the other two of you finish burning and burying the trash around here. Okay?"

Lizzy volunteered to help him.

\* \* \* \*

Sam used his father's old recipe for smoked jerky. He built a second fire with the grill high over it on some rocks around the fire. They gathered small green kindling to make the smoke, but not get too hot a fire. He placed slivers of beef on the grill in the sun, high above the fire where the smoke bathed the pieces. Feeding the fire was a constant process, one gathering fresh oak and cedar branches, the other adding them to the fire.

"What is your real name? I don't like calling you Lizzy."

"Sounds like a pet lizard," she said, laughing, "Doesn't it? But Lottie and Toot named me that when we were children. It comes from Liz."

"Liz what?"

"Liz Ann."

"Liz Ann What?"

"Nah, nah, nah, no fair. No last names. Remember?"

"I can hardly wait until tonight, Liz."

"Neither can I," she said, softly, dropping her eyes. "The girls have told me what a great teacher you are. Both Toot and Lottie have told me what you've done for them. I want to thank you for making their first experience so wonderful. Most girls are not that lucky, I'm sure."

"I didn't do..."

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She put a finger on his lips. "Don't deny it. Yes, you did. They both said you made them feel beautiful and wanted. You gave them a brand new pride in their bodies, made them feel the power inside them, especially Toot."

Again, he started to speak, but again she stopped him. "No, don't say anything. Let me speak. Toot's almost a new woman now. You did more than take her virginity. She told us how you made her state what she wanted. Toot also told us of your Stop and No speech you gave her. I've never seen her have this much confidence in herself before and I've known her a long time."

Lizzy fed some more green twigs to the fire. "Lottie has always thought herself fat and ugly. You showed her she has so much beauty that people will admire. I doubt she'll ever hide herself behind big clothes from now on." She hesitated. Sam started again to speak, but she held up her hand. "Wait. I love them more than I could my own siblings. Your making them happy with themselves is priceless and makes me happy. You're a magnificent teacher."

"It's been a new experience for me too. I haven't ever thought of myself as a teacher, much less as a teacher of sex."

"Both of them say you are a fabulous sexual partner." She had tears in her eyes. "Can you do that for me too?" Her words emerged in a small cracked voice.

A sucker for her tears, he wanted to pull her to him and hold her. But when he stepped toward her, she warded him off. "No! Don't come any closer. If you touch me, I'll jump your bones right here in a New York minute. I want the whole lesson, my initiation in private like the others had."

He wanted to tell her how beautiful she was. He wanted to touch her so much his palms ached. He wanted to tell her how

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just watching her feed the fire made his heart beat faster. He wanted to fold her in his arms and never let go. Hell, he wanted to jump her bones right here on the hard ground. He'd fuck her until neither of them could see straight and hear her scream with passion.

Instead, he walked away to gather more wood, leaving her to feed the small fire. When he got a good distance away, he was pissed with himself. "What in the hell is going on with you, Sam?" he muttered to himself. Stick with the deal, one night stands and goodbye. Here you're getting all soggy, boo hoo, and getting those clicky feelings. That's against your best nature, Son. You know that. Lottie and Toot had been fun and took the circumstances well with no star filled eyes. But Lizzy was already laying them on him. Damn it, he almost fell for it. "What's different, buddy?" He asked himself. Always in the past when a woman got those cow eyes for him, he ran, fast.

"Shit," he said out loud to himself, gathering an arm full of oak branches he'd cut earlier. He wanted to touch her all the time and found himself going out of his way to even brush up against her. As randy as a damn teenager. Every time he looked at that chopped off red hair, he got a hard on. "I haven't even fucked her yet and she's already got me panting. What in the hell has she got that a million others don't have?" He honestly couldn't answer his own question. He just knew she made it click and he'd have to be very careful around her.

On the way back to the fire with an armful of kindling, he kicked a rock in frustration. "Straighten up, stupid," he said to himself. "It's a one-night-damn-stand, for Pete's sake." Toot and Lottie's sessions had been fun. He wouldn't admit publicly in a million years, he'd learned a helluva lot about himself dealing with these three. He'd have to remind himself over and

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over that Liz is just like the other two and promised himself, It's-just-a-lust-situation with her too. He made a promise to them and he couldn't show favoritism.

Back at the fire, he began turning the slivers of meat on the grill. He didn't look at Liz. Afraid to.



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## *Chapter Nine*

Not knowing what to say, Sam said nothing. She saved him by starting the conversation.

"What do you do for a living, Sam?" Liz laid green twigs on the fire.

"I just mustered out of eight years in the navy."

"What did you do in the service?" Liz wanted to look at him, but kept her eyes glued on the business of feeding the tiny fire.

"Worked computers, first in security, then on carriers keeping F-18 jet computers up and working right."

"Do you like working computers?" Wow, he's a computer geek like me.

"Love it."

"What do plan to do now?" Right now, she thought, I wish he were planning a life with me.

"I'm hoping for a job with a computer security company, guarding against hackers and hunting them down when they do break into company computers. It's way too easy to hack into almost any computer system now."

"Can you?"

"Can I what?" Sam sat down on the ground away from down wind of the smoke. She said, 'can you?' Could I take you in my arms? Sure could.

"Hack into almost any computer system now."

He grinned and admitted. "Yeah."

"I've studied that a bit, but programming is what I like to do best. I create new games for a hobby."

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"Damn, you're working on a doctorate in computer science, aren't you? I forgot."

"Yes, but when it comes right down to it, you probably know as much as I do, just working in the field. Probably more than I've learned in school." Liz sat down on the ground too, but the smoke followed her and she had to move closer to Sam, just to stay out of the eye-stinging smoke.

He didn't reply.

"I'd hate tell my professors, but I honestly think I learn more just messing around on my own than I learn in any classroom."

"I'll bet that's why so many people have quit college to form their own computer-related companies. There's been a slew of them, like that guy who formed Dell Computers."

"I guess I could have done that too, but I've been too chicken to try," she said. She picked up a stick and made squiggles in the sand, just to keep from looking at Sam. "I didn't need the money and I didn't want to leave Lottie and Toot. Even now after graduation, we have rented an apartment together. I'll miss Lottie in the fall."

"I have a feeling you'll find a way to stay in touch. With e-mail and the telephone, you'll probably still be in contact every day."

"I hope so."

Sam relaxed some around Liz that afternoon. They worked well together and talked computers and programs all afternoon like all computer nerds do. Lottie and Toot showed up every once in a while for a Coke, their drink of choice.

Late in the afternoon he had the girls lay out everything they wanted to take with them. Sam nixed tons of it, explaining they had to go as light as possible.

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"It took me two and a half days to get here and I'm a conditioned hiker. It might take us four, even five to get back to the Park headquarters. We can only take what we really have to have, like a bedroll, food, water, maybe one change of clothes."

Listening to them whine a little, he studied the gear. He had to carry something to boil water in. At two quarts a day each minimum, they couldn't carry enough water for the whole five days.

He finished making the jerky and stored it in their three knapsacks. Lottie and Liz had brought backpacks for their clothes, but Toot had brought a suitcase. Instead, she'd carry a sleeping bag and water thermos. He rigged the two thermos jugs with lightweight rope to tie on them. They boiled the rest of the eggs to take with them.

For supper they finished off the ham and the rest of the vegetables Sam had brought. He had saved his trail mix and granola bars for their trip back. The girls wanted to carry their staple drink, Coke cans, but he nixed that for water. They stored the rest of the cooking utensils and the extra Coke in the big shelter in case someone else sometime needed them. They buried all their extra clothes and girly things in Toot's suitcase.

Just at dusk, Sam and Liz, arm in arm, struck out for the shelter on the hilltop. As soon as they got out of hearing distance, Lottie turned to Toot, a worried look on her face.

"What's wrong, Lottie? Thinking about the walk out?" Toot asked.

"No. I'm worried about Lizzy."

"Why?"

Lottie took a stick and drew pictures in the sand. "The deal was a one night stand. I think you and I understand that.

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But ever since this morning at the pool, I think Lizzy has become infatuated with Sam and she hasn't even had her session with him yet."

"Don't you think we all are in little in love with the doctor? I've heard that women never forget their first man."

"Sure. We're all fond of Sam. I'll remember him the rest of my life and what he did for me, not only for introducing me to sex, but for saving our lives. We might not be alive today, if he hadn't made us get out when the storm came. But Lizzy has stars in her eyes when she looks at him."

"She'll get over it."

"No doubt, but it'll hurt. She's in love. When he walks away, she'll suffer lots more than we will."

"Maybe we can appeal to her reasoning."

"We've got to warn her to shake this off before we get back to civilization, so goodbye won't hurt her so much. We have to remind her of the deal we made with Sam and remind her he's a sex nomad."

They didn't say anything for a bit. "He's not helping her any either," Lottie added. "Sam's kind to us, but he's treating Lizzy differently. He has a different look in his eye. Have you noticed?"

"Yes, ever since this morning in the pool. But isn't that what we wanted? That some guy be attracted to one of us?"

"Yeah, but Sam has already warned us that regardless of how attracted he is, he won't commit to anyone. How did he put it? He said he'd drop anyone who got the nesting fever or even looked gooey-eyed at him."

"Maybe this time it's different and he'll really love Lizzy."

"Toot, you are the most optimistic person I can imagine, always expecting the best out of people. I tell you, Lizzy's

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cruising for a bruising."

"Or...maybe, Lottie, just maybe you're a bit jealous."

\* \* \* \*

Along the path to the shelter, Sam wanted to stop and kiss Liz. He kept repeating in his head, "Don't stop walking!" He knew if he did, they might not get there. To counter his unbearable desire to rip her clothes off with each step they took, he had to remember she was a virgin. He must take it slow not to hurt or scare her too badly.

Hurt her? What's the matter with his brain? Sure, he'd hurt her. He'd treat her like he cared and walk away. Funny, he'd never worried about that before. He'd never minded walking away either. He might miss the woman a while, the constant care she gave him, but he always found someone else and got over the old one fast. After all, he had been a sailor with a babe in every port.

Stopping under the ledge of the shelter, they turned to each other and kissed. Without any preliminary action, like he'd had with the others, without even stopping to light a candle, the necking session started. Their passion lit instantaneously, both of them going off like rockets on the fourth of July.

Liz started tearing at his clothes, while her kisses with open mouth and busy tongue worked him over. He laid kisses on her tit for tat, while pushing her tank top off her shoulders and down to her waist. She wore no bra. He quickly unzipped her jeans and pushed shirt, jeans and panties down her legs, stooping to follow them down. He kissed each stop the clothes left abandoned. Kneeling in front of her, her clothes in a puddle at her feet he put his face in her muff of pubic hair. He was already panting.

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He stopped barely long enough to unlace his boots, to slip them and his jeans off. He didn't remember how and when his clothes disappeared. He took a deep breath and looked up at the ceiling.

"What's wrong, Sam?"

He heard the catch in her voice. It tore at him. "Nothing."

"Then why did you stop?"

"Woo, woman, at that rate, I'd have thrown you down in the dirt and done you right there."

"That'd be okay. I want you."

"Whoa. That's not really the way you want it or how I want you."

"How do you want me, Sam?"

He smiled. Reaching out, he flicked one finger on her small breast. It nubbed up, saying howdy to him. "Your first time ought to be slow and really romantic." Taking her hand, he led her to the bed. She lay down and stretched her arms to him.

Resisting his terrible urge to dive right into her, Sam turned and took time to light a couple of candles. The fire had been laid, ready to light. He knelt and nurtured it until the wood caught. When he stood, he felt her warmth at his back even before she touched him. She put her arms around him, stroking his chest, her legs touching the back of his, her breath on the back of his neck.

"Hurry, Sam. I can't wait any longer. Come love me."

Whoops! She said the bad word. Out of habit, that four letter word ran all over him, raising hackles.

He rose and led her back to the bed. Slowly, he lay her down. "The word is fuck. Don't get it mixed up with that other word. Ever since this morning, I've wanted to fuck you until

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your eyes cross. Sorry about while ago. The want built up so much, I got in the hurry-up mode."

"But I'm in the hurry-up mode too."

"I know. But your first time needs to be slow and easy. Let me warm you up some before we actually screw."

"Your crude words won't turn me off, Sam. I know you hide behind them. I also know you're as attracted to me as I am you."

"I just call it like I see it."

"No, you don't. You hide your feelings, pretending to be less than you are."

"I'm feeling I need to kiss right here," he said, kissing her on the tit. He had to get out of this conversation. She was hitting him where he lived with her psychobabble.

She put her hands on his head and sighed. "Oh, Sam."

Her two little words turned his knobs back up to hurry-up again. To slow himself down, he moved to her feet. He took off her sneakers and kissed her toes. Slowly he proceeded kissing up her legs. She made little sighing sounds. He loved them.

When he reached her crack with his kisses, he put his face in her muff of pubic hair and wallowed back and forth, growling. She laughed. He touched of her pretty place, which was already sopping wet. Two of his fingers dove into her cunt, almost involuntarily.

She groaned. "When you put your hand there at the pool, I thought I'd come unglued. Then you put your fingers in me on shore, I thought I wouldn't recover when you took them out."

"Come unglued for me now, sugar," he said, moving his fingers in and out while tickling her clit with the other hand. Almost before he could have said, "Fire down below!" She blew like a thousand firecrackers at once. With no notice. She

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just stiffened up and came, monster big.

Red hot mama, he thought. He'd hardly touched her. Only a few times in his experience had a woman come with so little persuasion.

"Oh, oh, ohhh." She said, breathing hard. "So that's what it feels like. I didn't know it'd happen without you-know-what."

"What is you-know-what?" he asked. I want Miss Prissy Miss to come down to my level. He had an innate desire to bring something heavenly which might become more, down to his it's-just-lust level. He needed that protection, built in from habit and long use.

"You know. Intercourse," she said.

"Come on, Miss Genius," he said, knowing the word would piss her off. "Give me a dirty word."

She sighed. "Okay, you son of a bitch. I thought you had to fuck to come. Now! Satisfied?"

"A long way from it. I'm going to spread these gorgeous stems." He did. "Wide, wide," he said, stretching her almost to the splits. "I'm gonna climb your bones," he said, placing himself between her legs. He put his hands under the cheeks of her ass, raising her hips a bit for a better angle. "I'm going to put my cock right here." He placed himself at the entrance between the wide open labia.

"I'm going to crack your cherry, right now," he said, as he pushed into her, breaking the barrier. "But I'm not stopping. I'm going to cram my cock up your tight little cunt." He pushed in farther. "And some more." Sam flexed his butt muscles and pushed, burying himself to the balls in her. Amazingly, she accepted all of him with no problem. Removing his hands from her butt, he leaned forward, supporting himself with his elbows.



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"I'm going to fuck you." He grunted with every thrust, "Fuck...you..." Grunt. "...until...you..." Grunt. "...scream..." he said, already breathless. She pulled him down on her, knocking his elbows away, wrapping her legs around him for still deeper penetration.

All the time she murmured. "Ah. Yes. Okay. Do me. Love me." Suddenly, she screamed, "FUCK ME!" She came, big time.

He blew too, and lay on her a few moments, trying to recover his vision and his breath. Then he rolled over taking her with him. She lay next to him with her head on his shoulder.

"Do you always lapse into slang when you feel vulnerable? Did I get your goat when I mentioned the L word?" she asked.

Boy, has she got my number. No use denying it. She sees right through me. Hell.

He grinned. "Yeah."

"Who hurt you? Why are you afraid of love?"

"I love."

"But you leave. Why?"

Damn, she's not going to leave it alone, is she? Think fast, bud, what do you say? "I'm not afraid to love. I just think it's a short time thing. People think they are in love, marry, find out they're out of love and divorce. Why bother in the first place? Marriages cost a lot in emotion and money. Divorces cost even more with lots of pain and trouble."

"Not everybody divorces."

"How many of those not divorced just live together, not in love, but just out of habit or for the children?"

"Don't you ever get just a twinge to settle down with a

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home, one someone, somewhere and have some kids?"

"Nope," he said, but he lied. He had caught himself wondering what children he might have with Liz would look like. In his mind he could see a flame headed boy playing Little League ball and a little girl with Orphan Annie hair, all dressed up to go to church. He shook his head a bit and squeezed his eyes shut a moment to dispel those ideas.

Instead he said, "I don't know whether I'm capable of love. My father never settled down, even with my mom. My mother's working on her third husband on the moment."

"That's tragic, but they're not you."

"You're too wise for your years and your own good. Let's forget about forever right now and get down and dirty."

She laughed. The sound of her laughter made him happy. The sight of her laughter on her face was beautiful.

"I'd rather you get it up and do me."

His turn to laugh. "I aim to please. I've got a better idea." He pulled her up on him. "You do me. That way you'll get what you want when you want it."

"My own little anatomy class, uh?"

"If that rings your bell, honey." In truth a selfish wish because every time she touched him anywhere, he got a zing. He'd die before he'd admit it out loud, but her every touch went right to his heart. He decided to go with his fantasy this one night. He'd imagine living happily-ever-after with this woman. He wanted to try to feel like the crazies who thought they were in love. After all, he and the girls will be going back to the real world in the morning. He might as well give in tonight and get that dream out of his system. He had no doubt that having a little dose, he tire of it fast and get bored.

She didn't jump his bones like he expected. Instead she

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moved beside him, sitting on her feet and calves. Taking one of his hands in hers, she laid her palm up to his. Her hand measured a finger joint shorter than his. She put her index finger in line with his. Taking his other hand, she said. "Rub our fingers with the thumb and index finger of your other hand." He had no idea what that had to do with sex. The feeling was unworldly, but surprisingly sexy. However, he didn't consider himself a good judge of sexy. Lately, any way she touched him or he touched her proved to be electric.

Closing her eyes, she first felt of his face, moving to his head and hair.

"What are you doing with your eyes closed?"

"I'm memorizing how you look so I won't forget when you're gone."

Her words, for some reason, ripped a hole in him. He also wanted to remember how she looked or God help him, stay and never let her go. "Come to me, Liz." She didn't move. "Want me to beg?"

Her laugh sounded like little tinkling bells. "That would be nice," she said.

"Come sit on me and let me put my fingers inside you."

"No, I want your mouth on me like the others had."

"Oh. So you kiss and tell."

"Sure. We three always share new information when we're on a project. We don't want to miss anything the teacher says or does."

"Well, here's a new lesson," he said, pulling her on top of him, but upside down, until her cunt centered over his mouth with her legs on either side of his face. Her mouth was over his hardened cock. She immediately got his message and took his dick into her mouth. He spread her. He ate her, working hard

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between her nub and his tongue inside her, all the while gently sucking. After about two more strokes to his cock, she lifted her head.

"I can't concentrate on my part of this with what you're doing to me, woo-o-oo. It's too distracting," she said, haltingly, working to say the words.

"Go with me, sweetheart. Try to synchronize your movements with mine." In a moment they moved in the same rhythm. Oh yes, he thought. This is magic. He could already feel the pulsing of her vagina. She groaned, coming. She obviously could no longer think about his dick or him with the sensations he gave her. Quickly, he rolled her off of him, swapped ends and rammed his cock into her sweet pulsing hole. Joy! For some reason sweeter than he'd ever known.

When her climax receded, he moved slowly, oh so slowly, inside her, holding himself in check. Watching her face to see her pleasure invigorated him, making it important to know what gave her the most pleasure. Overwhelmed with a desire to do more than just fuck her, Sam wanted to make her all his own. He'd had her first and he didn't want any other man to have her like this.

It was vital to him to make this act so precious and good for her that no other man could ever please her as well. For the first time in his life, he forgot about his own pleasure as a goal, but centered only on her. Watching her, feeling her every little change, even soaking up her scent, she grabbed all his concentration and focus.

Slowly he drew his penis all the way out of her except for the barest tip. The first time he did this, she near panicked that he was leaving her and grabbed at him to hold him to her. Then just as slowly, he entered her again and again, down to the

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fullest base of his dick. Often when nearly out, he'd give her nub a flick or two. It had swollen to nearly twice its usual size, as if reaching for him. She gasped when he touched it.

He arched his back to pull out of her with the speed of a snail. Her facial expression turned into a grimace. She thrust at him. "Move faster. Faster, please. Give me more."

But he didn't, extending her misery. "Please, please Sam." When she started thrusting at him much faster, trying to encourage him to speed up, he held himself a dick's length away from her and let her work, plunging at him at her own rate of satisfaction while he watched her. When she neared her climax, her rhythm became erratic. He knew she couldn't sustain her movement, so he took over at her rate of thrust and finished them both off. She laid heaving for breath and trembling all over. Her legs shook in the aftermath.

Liz held him to her, her arms around his neck, her legs around his waist, not letting him move his weight off of her. Sam was elated that she enjoyed her hangover heat, clinching him to her.

When they cooled, he spooned her to him and covered them with the top of the bedroll. With his nose in her hair and his top arm around her, a breast in his palm, Sam felt a satisfaction unlike any he'd had before. He was happy just to hold her. They slept.

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### *Chapter Ten*

The next morning, Sam and Liz rose reluctantly. They dressed and gathered their gear. They left a candle for the next people lucky enough to share their shelter.

Sam had a yen to tell Liz how he felt. He started three times to blurt out his feelings. Finally, he said, "Liz, I think I understand now why the guys I know fall in love."

"You do?" she said, laughing, obviously thinking he was pulling her leg. He knew Lizzy would never let him see how it hurt when he told her last night, he could never love her. She put on her best face to protect herself. "Tell me, oh brave swami."

"No shit, Liz," he said about half pissed that she wasn't taking him seriously. "I've come closer to you than any woman in my life. Is that what love is?"

Liz laughed some more. That laugh proved to be the most difficult thing she'd ever done. She wanted to say, Yes, yes, that's love. Love me, Sam. Instead she said, "No, Sam. It's called lust, artful and gainful lust. You aren't in love with me. You are just under the spell of the times and the scenery with a little, what'd you call it, cunt under you. You'll get over it."

No way would Sam argue with her. Besides, as wise as she was beyond her years, she was probably right.

Back at the camp fire, Sam began packing the last of their gear and food. He cooked breakfast, the last of the perishables. The girls raced to the pool now rapidly drying up, for one last bath. Sam had a feeling of nostalgia he'd never admit, remembering their romp in that pool. But apprehension about

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taking three tenderfoots on the trek out, took over his thoughts. He'd never been so responsible for anyone before, much three anyones.

The weather turned cooler than it had been from the previous days. Fairly early on a cloudy day they struck out on their hike. They walked at a leisurely pace, with Sam pointing out the plants. He told them each one, lessons his father had taught him on former trips to this park.

"The most beautiful time to come here is in the spring, usually April. That's when most of the cactus and plants bloom. Most of them have large very colorful blooms and smell good too." He point out different kinds of cactus and other plants and told them about the blooms. It amazed the girls to find out how many of the plants grew straight out of the rocks.

Sam showed them tracks of different animals when the terrain allotted them dirt instead of rocks. The walking was tough, rocky, changeable, but the girls faired well, chatting while they walked.

"See over there?" Sam stopped to point about twenty yards away. "That's a javelina."

The girls observed the pig-like animal. "He looks like a pig. Is he good to eat?"

"The meat is tough and stringy. It has a wild taste that some people don't like."

"Will he stay over there? He looks vicious." Toot asked, stumbling over some rocks.

Sam started walking again. "I hope so. I don't want to deal with his teeth and tusks."

Two hours later, they stopped for their first rest and to eat. "It's important that you drink often. Stay hydrated, ladies. This climate along with your sweating from exertion pulls the fluids

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out of your body."

"Yes, Profesor Bastardo," Toot said and giggled. They ate an orange and some jerky, the last of the boiled eggs. While eating, Sam pointed out an eagle flying overhead. A beautiful sight, catching the drafts of wind to float on. After about an hour, Sam got them going again.

They walked up hills and down, following the rustic trail, the tracks the girls had used to drive to their campsite. Walking up hills was hard, but walking down hurt after a little while, pulling at their calves. Sam knew if his legs muscles pinched, the girls might be suffering. They said nothing about their discomfort however, just kept walking. About five o'clock in the afternoon, Sam told them to start gathering sticks for their evening fire. This part of the countryside had no trees to speak of.

Their water was getting low, so he encouraged them to put a step on it to reach a stream he knew of not far away. They camped a flat bank above a stream, which Sam told them used to be part of a river.

"My dad told me when he was a boy, this was part of a river. After a flood, this part became cut off, after that only a tributary to the river. When it floods, it's part of the river again." The sandy shore line had some wood washed in from former floods. The sand made a softer site for their sleeping bags than the rocky terrain they had crossed all day. They built a fire, boiled water to refill their jugs and Sam's canteen.

The sun, on its way to sleep, turned the tops of the mountains in the distance and tinted the clouds a pallet of hues, scarlet to gold. They all marveled at the sight.

The temperature dropped fast after sunset. Sam told them to put their backpacks inside their bedrolls to guard against any



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animals stealing the food they held during the night.

"Do you think animals will come and attack us?" Toot asked with a tremble in her voice.

"I've never had any trouble with them, but stowing your backpack is a lesson my dad taught me. It makes sense, just in case." They climbed into their sleeping bags all laid out in a row and fell immediately asleep.

Except Liz.

She had watched him all day long, ahead of her on the trail. Each step closer to civilization and his leaving them brought her emotional pain, the pathway to never seeing him again in this lifetime. It hurt. Lottie and Toot fell asleep immediately. In spite of her tired body, she longed to be held just one more time by the man of her dreams. She would be near to him for a couple more days. Trying to stay neutral and upbeat, unattached, was one of the most painful things she'd ever tried to do. Finally, she made up her mind to have as much of him as she could for as long as she could. She'd build as many memories as she could with Sam.

During the middle of the night, she woke Sam up climbing in bed with him. "What's wrong, Liz?"

"I woke up and couldn't go back to sleep. Will you just hold me, Sam?"

"Sure," he said, spooning her precious redheaded body to his, extremely pleased to hold her close to him and even more satisfied that she wanted him too. He couldn't admit to her that just holding her brought him deep satisfaction.

The next morning the girls separated from Sam to squat behind the rocks for relief.

"Lizzy, you're breaking the rules," Lottie said.

"What rules?"

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"You darn well know what rules. With Sam. He told us it was a one night stand. Remember? You slept with him last night."

"We're afraid you're getting too attached to Sam, Lizzy," Toot explained.

"You have to start treating him like just a friend and instructor or you're setting yourself up for a lot of pain when we part from him."

Lizzy sighed. "I'm afraid you're too late to tell me this. I love him already."

"Oh, Lizzy," Toot said, her voice showing sadness and disappointment.

"I know he'll leave as soon as we get back to Park Headquarters, just like he said he would. He'll never hear from us again. He doesn't even know our names. But..."

"But what?"

"I thought about that never-loved-at-all quotation. Since I know I love him, I want to milk it for all I can for as long as I can. I want memories of him."

The other two girls just shook their heads in dismay at her words, knowing that when they got home, Lizzy would be hurting big time. They returned to Sam, who was pouring the cooled water they'd boiled for consumption the night before, into their traveling containers. Lottie and Lizzy strapped on their backpacks and water jugs. Toot carried two bedrolls along with her water.

Starting along the trail, Lottie pulled up even with Sam, who led the bunch. "Say, Sam. What are you going to do when you get home? Lizzy told me you just got out of the navy. Any plans?"

"Just the regular stuff like get an apartment, get a truck,

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get a job, and I want to build a new computer."

"You build computers? That's interesting."

"Computers are my addiction. Others turn to drugs, cigarettes..."

"Golf, booze, sex," Lottie added with emphasis on sex.

Sam laughed. "That too. Sex is not a bad hobby, come to think of it. But I usually spend all my free time on my computer. I have to make myself work out and run to keep from being a computer potato."

"How long have you been working with computers?"

"I worked with computers even before I went into the navy. I messed around them with high school. My job in the service taught me a lot more. What you can do with computers fascinates me. I'm always hunting new ways to use them."

"You and Lizzy. We lose her when she plugs into her computer. We have to scream at her, or literally get in front of her screen to get her attention when she's honed in to her computer work. She's in another world. She can spend hours and hours on it and be completely unaware of time."

"Time flies when you're having fun. What are you going to do when you get your doctorate?"

"I'll probably go into some type of research. I like rules and finding answers, doing experiments. "

"What do you do for fun?"

"I'm hooked on volleyball. I played some intramural when I was in college. I could have had an athletic scholarship to play, but my father blocked it. I dreamed of being on the Olympic volleyball team."

"Why did your father block your playing?"

Sam looked over his shoulder, just in time to see Lizzy sit down. "Lizzy, what's wrong? Are you hurt?"

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"No. Toot has fallen behind and I'm going to sit here and wait on her to catch up."

Sam had noticed that he and Lottie forgot about their longer stride and good physical shape when walking. They'd take big steps, when tiny tenderfoot Toot had to take three steps to equal their one. They sat too, to wait on Toot.

"I asked you why your father nixed your playing volleyball," Sam said.

"He said he was wealthy enough for me not to need a scholarship. The real reason is he's afraid I'd get some publicity. He usually leaves me alone as long as I behave myself and don't stir up anything. He is afraid some action of mine will hurt his political career."

"That's a damned shame. Hey, why don't you join the beach volley ball crowd? They've got tourneys in nearly every city now. It's the swinging thing and you don't have to have a whole team, coaches, and junk. You just have to have a partner and get out and get with it."

"Are you kidding? I saw the gals in beach volleyball compete in the last Olympics. It looks like fun and I know I'd love it, but gee whiz and gottie's ghost, did you see what those girls wore to play? I could never wear a bikini in public. Everybody would see how fat I am."

Sam laughed. "Gottie's ghost? That's a new one. But you've got it so wrong, Lottie. You're a long way from being anywhere near fat."

"We've tried to tell her that for years. She won't listen to us," Liz added.

"You've just got lots of wonderful body on you. Woo-ee, if the guys got a look at you playing in a bikini, they'd all be hollering for you. They wouldn't give a shit if you won or not."

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They'd want you to just keep bouncing those wonderful boobs and using those long, long legs."

"You're lying, Sam."

Sam could have sworn Lottie blushed. "The hell I am. No shit, Lottie. You need to get comfortable with your wonderful body and give the world a glimpse of what you've got. I know dozens of girls who'd give up a finger to have a body like yours. Besides, if you want to play volleyball enough, what you look like shouldn't matter. What others think isn't important. Forget about your body and just play."

About that time, Toot caught up with them, huffing and puffing. "Water break," Sam said. They sat a while longer to give Toot time to catch her breath.

"You guys walk so fast. I feel like I have to run to keep up," Toot said breathlessly.

"Sorry, Toot. We forget. We'll try to remember to keep a slower pace and take smaller steps." Sam took a slug of water as did the others. "Tell you what, Toot. You take the lead a while and set the pace. But try your best to keep going as well as you can so we'll reach the next water hole by dark. Okay?"

Toot's pace proved to be much slower, but Sam thought it was a good thing. They all felt the effects of nearly two days hiking. His own legs had started burning on some of the downhill stretches. He knew the girls hurt too, but too proud to say so. The heat strained them as well. Yesterday had been cloudy, but the sun beat down today, pushing the temperature way up. They had to stop and rest every hour now.

Walking along with Toot, Sam started a conversation with her. "Why get a doctorate in economics, Toot?"

"Because my father approved of it. If I don't keep going to school, I'll have to leave Lizzy and Lottie and go home."

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"I know lots of people in banking who don't have a doctorate."

"I don't really want to work for my father in his banks. I thought I'd have a chance to teach or something. I'd really like to be free and independent from my parents. I don't know whether I ever will be. They still think of me as a helpless child."

"Lottie said your family still believes in arranging a marriage for you."

"Not my mother so much. But yeah, my father thinks he should make a match for me in order to further the family business."

"That sucks."

She stumbled on a rock. Sam put a hand under her elbow to steady her. She recovered and walked on. "I figure as long as I can stay out of Mexico, I'll be safe from his matchmaking. Sometimes I wish I could just run away and not be me anymore."

"Who would you be if you weren't you?"

"Let's see. I'd like to be a normal person."

"What's your idea of a normal person?"

"Oh," she said, puffing, straining to keep up the pace going up a particularly steep rocky hill. "I think a normal person just holds down a job. For me, probably as a CPA or a bank teller. I think a normal person meets people at church and goes to church socials. I think a normal person has a home, meets a somebody who's special to them, falls in love, gets married, maybe, has a family. I think a normal person makes car payments and buys lots of Christmas presents, decorates their own tree and..."

"And?"

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"And nobody thinks I'm any different than they are, just an everyday person. I wouldn't be judged on my parents' wealth or whether I have a duena or a bodyguard everywhere I go, or whether I finished my first degree in college at twenty. I wouldn't be a timid nerd, and would know everybody in town, and say hi to people on the street."

"You've already started, Toot. You have a new apartment with the other girls. You can talk to me and I'm a stranger. You can practice making eye contact with people and smiling at them. When you do that on the sidewalk, more times than not, people smile back and say howdy."

"They do?"

"Keep your chin, up Little Toot. Look into people's eyes and grin. You'll see what I mean."

Toot was really puffing just as they reached the summit of the hill. "I've got to rest, Sam." She plopped down, not sitting daintily like she usually did. She drew up her knees and laid her head on them, heaving. "I'm sorry I'm so slow. I haven't ever walked this far before. I have trouble just getting my breath after a while."

Sam sat down close to her. Lottie and Lizzy joined them. He took out a piece of jerky and started chew on it. The girls followed suit. Sam pointed out a hawk circling overhead. A small lizard flashed at Lizzy's feet. She squealed at the sight of it.

Sam laughed. "Lizards don't bite, Lizzy. They just change colors." He saw something move about five feet from him. He went to pick it up, bringing it back to them.

"This is a horned frog. I used to have one for a pet when I was a kid. His name was Rumpelstiltskin. I named him that 'cause his skin is all rumped."

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"Doesn't some university have a horned frog as their mascot?"

"Yes. TCU between Dallas and Fort Worth. There used to be a lot of horned frogs around that area, but I think they're almost extinct in that part of the country now."

"You seem to know about that part of the country. Are you from there?"

Sam didn't want them knowing any more about him than he knew about them. "I've spent some time there." He didn't like the direction of the conversation. He released the little reptile and stood. "On your feet, gals. We have to make the next water hole before night. We aren't making as good time as we did yesterday and we'll have to trudge to make it."

"Is it right on the trail?"

"Yeah, this trail leads right to it."

"I've got a suggestion," Lizzy said. "You and Lottie go ahead to the water hole and don't hang back with Toot and me. I'll stay with Toot and we'll meander along at her speed. We'll come along slower, but you and Lottie can set up camp and start boiling water."

Sam didn't like the idea of their splitting up. At the same time, they were using water twice as fast and going twice as slow. He was afraid of what might happen if they ran out of water. After thinking a moment, he said, "I don't like leaving you two behind, but I don't see any other way. We can't afford to run out of water. The pool I have in mind is on the right of the trail. You can see it far ahead because it's at the bottom of a hill."

Sam took some of Toot's load, one of the sleeping bags. He and Lottie struck out at a comfortable pace for both of them. Sam looked back at the other two girls, worry gnawing at



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him. Toot was limping. He had an overwhelming desire to protect them, especially Liz. Amazed, he surveyed his feeling. He'd never wanted to protect a woman before. With Liz, his macho caveman genes zoomed in. He had to mentally tell himself, they'll be okay. They'll be fine. They're just slow.

He and Lottie reached the little pond just after mid-afternoon. They only had to stop for breaks twice. The pond had lots of fresh water, more than it did when he came by, coming in. The rain must have hit here too. They immediately, got a fire going and started boiling water. By late afternoon, Sam watched the trail, worried about Liz and Toot.

"I'm going back to find them. Will you be okay here by yourself?"

"Sure. I'm worried about them too. Take the flashlight."

Sam walked a long way back on the trail before he found them. Toot was barely able to walk.

"It's her heels, she said," Liz said. Sam didn't say anything. He slung Toot's other sleeping bag on his chest, and gave her water bottle to Liz. "Are you all right, Liz?"

"I'm tired and I ache, but I'll make it."

"Good."

Against Toot's protest of "I can walk. I'm not a sissy." Sam told her to get piggy back on him. She complied. They struck out for the pond. After darkness fell Liz led the way with the flashlight. They all cooled their feet in the pond, except for Toot.

When he took off Toot's shoes over her protests, Sam found that she had rubbed huge blisters, which had already broken with signs of infection. Her shoes had washed down the stream, so they probably still had sand and grit embedded in the fabric, along with all kinds of germs. He could just imagine

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the pain she'd endured with every step.

After doctoring her feet and covering them liberally with disinfectant pain killer cream and fat bandages from his first aid kit, Sam asked. "Does anybody else have blisters or any open sores?"

"I have one on my little toe," Lizzy said, "but it's not bad like Toot's."

Sam doctored it and covered it with a bandage. "Change socks and make sure the seam is not on that toe."

After they ate a bit, the weary crew hit the sack.

Under the full moon Liz didn't hesitate to join Sam in his sleeping bag as everybody settled down for the night. "Is this all right with you?" she asked.

"Perfectly. If we weren't so damn tired, I jump your bones right here and now." He ran his hands around her body, then slipped them inside her jeans and panties and massaged her.

She sighed. "Woo, that feels good. Sam, I'll be glad when this hike is over, but I'll hate saying goodbye to you."

"You don't have to say goodbye, Liz. Instead of going with the girls, you can jump in my rental car and go home with me."

"You know I can't do that. I can't..." she searched for words. Starting over she said, "Even though I love being with you, I can't be a temporary mistress, Sam. I'm just not a chance taker, hoping that maybe someday something more permanent will develop with you. You made the rules. I have to stick by them."

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## *Chapter Eleven*

She tensed and strained to keep her climax from making her scream. When she came down, she said, "Thank you, Sam. You always make me feel so good. Can I help you?" she asked, laying her hand behind her on his dick.

"I'd love for you to, Honey. But I'd better save my energy for taking care of you, at least until we get back to where..." He let the rest of the sentence drop when he realized she fallen asleep with her small hand still wrapped around his dick, at first tight, then relaxed.

In spite of his fatigue, Sam didn't fall asleep immediately. He thought about what Liz had said. He was torn. On one side, he'd only known this woman for a few days. What would she be like? Would he have the same feelings about her in normal circumstances? Their real life was one thing and out here quite another. Could the desert moon be having a temporary effect on him about this big L word, or could it be the real thing?

He'd heard that in abnormal circumstances, people got really close, but in the light of day, back in regular six and seven, the magic died. Maybe she was right. She was smarter than him; obviously. Working on her doctorate at twenty-one, for God's sake. She came from a sheltered environment, a very rich environment as adverse to his being just a regular Joe with a regular job probably making a middle class income when he got a job. Even if some miracle happened that she'd accept him and he felt the same way when they got back to civilization, would her family accept him? He had doubts about that too.

Finally getting sleepy, deciding that he'd have to let her go

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when they got back, he told himself that he'd get over her, probably quickly, just like he had all of the rest. Just about to fall off to sleep, he heard the sound of sobbing. He climbed out of his bedroll gently so as not to disturb Liz.

He heard Toot crying. She sat twisted over her legs, sobbing her heart out.

"What's wrong, Toot?"

"My legs are cramping and I can't get them to stop."

Sam quickly got an orange from his backpack and handed it to her. "Eat this."

"I hate oranges. I'm tired of them and if I never see another one in my life, it will be fine."

"You need the potassium. You've lost too much. Don't argue, just eat it." He said, ripping back her bedroll. He unfastened her jeans, dragging them down her legs. He started massaging her calves. She peeled the orange and ate it, protesting with each bite, while grimacing at his ministrations of her legs. He applied some liniment for sore muscles from his first aid kit. As soon as she finished with the orange, he got her up and walked her around the camp to further stretch and relieve the muscles of her legs. Tomorrow she'd have extra pain to overcome.

"Are your shoes too big for you?"

"Yeah, a bit. I usually wear a four and a half or a five, but these shoes didn't come in a five, so I bought a six. That's why they rub so much on my heels."

"Wear a pair of my socks tomorrow and see if that makes your shoes fit better, okay?"

"Okay. Thanks, Sam. My legs feel a lot better now."

After settling her back in her sleeping bag, Sam returned to his. Folding to Liz in a spoon, he made an involuntary wish

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to the bright moon, now directly overhead and lighting the desert to almost day bright, that he could spend the rest of the nights of his life, cuddled just this way...to this woman.

\* \* \* \*

"Ps-s-st, Sam!" In the middle of the night, Lottie stage whispered for Sam to wake up. He sat up, waking Liz beside him who also sat up.

"We have visitors, Sam. Wild animals. What do we do?" Toot asked.

Sam looked around and saw a group of what he thought at first were wolves, seeing only their eyes and their outlines in the moonlight. One or two of them came within three or four feet of Lottie's bedroll. Then he realized coyotes visited them. "We're probably invading their hunting and drinking territory. I think the best thing to do is yell and try to scare them away."

Liz screamed right in Sam's ear, enough to scare him away. He stood up and waved his arms at them while all the girls yelled and waved their arms from their sitting positions. One brave coyote came closer to the fire, grabbed a piece of jerky that someone had dropped at supper before turning tail to run. The rest of the group whirled to follow, loping off into the hills.

When Liz lay back down, trembling. "It's okay," Sam said loud enough for all of them to hear. "Coyotes don't eat people. They don't even bite unless they're rabid. They are just a nuisance. They probably come here to drink and were attracted by the smell of our food."

However, both Lottie and Toot pulled their bedrolls closer to Sam's. In the distance, soon they saw a classic picture of the coyotes baying, their shadows against the full moon. Their mournful song echoed through the night.

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It took the girls a long time to go back to sleep with Lottie clutching her big pistol close to her heart.

The next morning, the whole group moved mighty slow. "Toot you won't have to worry about eating any more oranges after this morning. This is the last of them," Sam said.

"The only good thing about that is it makes the backpacks lighter," Lottie said. Sam was concerned that they were down to jerky for food now for the rest of the trip. He might have to trap a rabbit for food if the situation got bad. He also worried about making it to the spring for water before night fall. Near exhaustion with pain from walking over such rough terrain showed on all of them.

Sam offered to carry Toot, but she said with the help of Sam's socks, she could walk. But when she walked, she clumped along to keep from bending her feet. Their progress was so terribly slow, each just making an effort to put one foot in front of the other. Liz led today, followed by Toot. He with Lottie brought up the rear. Sam tried to stay close to Toot, in case she needed him.

Not watching the person in front of him, only where to place his next step, he nearly ran into Liz who had stopped on the trail. She stood frozen in place.

"What's wrong, Liz?" he asked, moving up beside her.

She pointed ahead, her face full of pure fear. A large snake threatened, rattling and coiled to strike about four feet beyond her in the middle of the trail. "You're doing the right thing, Liz. Be very still." Sam motioned for the others to stop.

The idea of messing with a rattle snake frightened Sam as much as the girls, but he wouldn't admit it for the world. He had an innate desire to protect and guard these women. Especially Liz closest to the snake. In his mind he thought of

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her having a snake bite on the trail so far from help gave him a daytime nightmare. How would he ever manage to get her help in time to save her life still at least three days out from the Ranger Station at the rate they were going?

Lizzy stood frozen. She could never remember being this scared before in her life. She had been ambling along, not paying much attention when the sound of the rattle made her glance ahead or she'd have walked right into it. The big snake before her had a large triangular head. Its tongue flicked in and out. Its thick body in coil made a great pile, with its tail sticking up like a semaphore, rattling.

But its eyes...she couldn't look away from them. That evil stare hypnotized, as its head gently swayed. The longer she stood watching it, the more the head seemed to grow. Those eyes promised death when the snake injected its deadly venom. Lizzy sweated with it running down her legs, the perspiration running into her eyes, stinging, burning. But Sam had told her not to move, so she couldn't wipe it away. Her knees started trembling, the seconds and minutes passed like hours.

She wanted to turn and run. She stepped back. Her foot landed on Sam's toe. His arms grabbed and held her around the waist.

"Be very, very still. It's big and fast. He can lunge this far. Maybe it will decide we are not a threat and go away," he murmured in her ear.

The time crawled by while she and the snake tried to stare each other down. The snake was winning. She knew it prepared to strike, persuaded that she was the enemy. Its head, instead of side to side movement, started to come forward, straight at her. She had no weapon, no defense, only open flesh as the target for its fangs, its poison.

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Lizzy heard a whimper, unable to realize that it was her own.

Sam started to suggest that they all back away slowly when he heard a rustle behind him.

*Blam!* A gunshot rang out, echoing down the canyon. The snake's head went flying off into the wild blue yonder in pieces, leaving the rest of its body in a heap.

Sam, startled, like to have jumped out of his skin with the sound of it. Liz crumbled at his feet, wiping the sweat out of her eyes. Her breath came in heaves as if she had been holding it a long time and needed to catch up with fresh air.

Sam turned to see Lottie still holding her pistol poised, with smoke coming out of the barrel.

"Damn, you scared me. What kind of bullets do you have in that buddy to do such damage?"

"Dad said if I carried a gun, load it with bullets big enough to do the job. They are hollow point magnums."

"I think you'd better give me the gun. Women don't need to be carrying such a weapon." Sam said, scared that the damn thing might go off in her hands when she wasn't planning on it. Actually, he was more scared of Lottie's gun than the snake.

"Rise way up here and kiss my butt too. Nobody gets my gun."

"No kidding, Lottie. That's a dangerous weapon there and you could get hurt with it, even shoot yourself."

Toot laughed and Liz recovering, giggled as well, at his statement. Lottie joined in with their mirth, her expression changing from mad to glad.

"What's so funny? This is serious business," Sam said, getting pissed that they laughed at him.

"Lottie has been shooting since she was a wee babe," Toot



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said, struggling to say the words in her laughter.

Liz rose to stand again with Sam's help.

"Her bodyguard starting teaching her to shoot almost before she could carry the weight of it. We have to put up with her practice all the time. She can put five shots in a tiny pattern together in the middle of a bull's eye at forty paces, faster than you can say, 'Don't shoot me.'" Lizzy said.

"At school in Switzerland, we had to sneak out with her to practice. The nuns didn't approve of weapons." Toot shook her head, still laughing.

"Apparently, you've got another hobby besides volleyball, Lottie. One you didn't tell me about."

"This isn't a hobby. The nuns scared me about men and the big wide world so much, that Mike— my bodyguard for five years—thought I needed my own protection when he couldn't be around, just for my own self confidence."

"Karate became my weapon of choice," Toot said.

"I'm not good at either one. I just pray that one of these girls is around to protect me when trouble came," Lizzy said. She just wished that Sam always would be her protector.

"Shit, I didn't know just how much crisis I had in all this time, did I?" Sam walked over to the snake's body, still jerking. "Here's supper, Ladies."

"Ugh!"

"No way!"

"Not for me that isn't."

"Do people really eat snake?"

"Sure they do. They say it tastes like chicken," Sam said, grinning. "Quite a delicacy and it has saved many a life on the trail when food got sparse."

"Well, forget it as far as we are concerned. I don't think

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we could bring ourselves to eat snake."

Sam walked over and cut the rattles off the still wiggling body of the snake. "Here's your trophy, Lottie. Quite a big rattle."

Lottie hesitated, obviously pulled between touching the rattle and wanting to keep the trophy. "Why is the body still moving? Isn't it dead yet?"

"Old timers say that it won't quit moving for a full twenty four hours. We'll leave it here for our friends, the coyotes or the buzzards will clean it up for us. Let's get this show on the road, gals."

The girls took a wide detour around the remains of the snake. The going was painfully slow.

Sam looked on their progress as a film playing in slow motion. He had difficulty understanding his own fatigue. After all he'd walked in with a full load on his back and never got this tired before. After a while, he found himself in a stupor, seemingly only half conscious, just on automatic.

He shook his head to regain his senses and declared time out for another rest stop. Each time they stopped now, it took longer and more effort to get up and go again. They drank the water fast too. Sunburn coated every exposed area of skin on all of them. Toot's lips had cracked, Lottie and Lizzy's swollen.

When they started walking again, Lottie with in the lead, he came second and Toot and Lizzy brought up the rear. "Hey," Lizzy said, after about an hour of walking. "Toot is not here. I thought she was right behind me and look—" She pointed back down the trail behind them. "I don't see her anywhere."

Sam looked back. No Toot. "You girls sit and rest here. I'll go back and get her."

Lottie and Lizzy sank down to the rocky ground, both

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sighing with the effort. Sam started trudging back over the trail they had just traveled. After a while, he began to worry that maybe Toot had strayed off the trail, since he saw no sign of her. He knew that if she had become disoriented like he had in the last hour, she could have wandered astray. The more he thought about the possibility, the closer he came to panic.

They'd never be able to find her, if Toot had left the trail. The park boasted too many places she could get into real trouble, with fissures and cliffs with straight falls possible all around.

She wasn't carrying enough water to sustain her too long alone.

Finally he saw a glimpse of her red shirt in the distance. She lay on the trail. When he got to her, he saw that she was either asleep or unconscious. Either she hadn't drunk enough water to keep her hydrated or she'd collapsed from fatigue.

"Toot," Sam shook her gently. "Toot. Wake up, Toot." She didn't respond. Sam took her pulse which ticked very slowly and erratic, but at least it was there. Sam stripped her of the bedroll she had hooked to her back. Leaving the bedroll behind, putting her water bottle around his neck, but hanging down his back, he picked Toot up in his arms and started carrying her back to the others.

Long before he got there, his arms cramped with her weight and his leg muscles hollered for relief. When he finally reached the others, they rinsed Toot's face with water. At last she started coming around. Once fully conscious, Sam made sure she drank lots of water.

"I think we'd better call it a day, even though it's early. I just don't think we can make it much farther today." The trail sloped with no level ground nearby. Since small rocks covered

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the ground, they spent the next hour clearing them away trying to make a smooth place to lay their sleeping bags. At dusk, they chewed slowly on some jerky and drank the last of the water before lying down.

The next morning the courage of all three of the girls amazed Sam. He'd thought they'd complain or balk on him, but they made a great effort to stay positive, without ever mentioning their problems or complaining. He had great respect for their valor while wishing he could protect them better, make their trip easier. All he knew to do was to encourage them to keep putting one foot in front of the other.

After only a little way, it became obvious that Toot, too weak, suffering too much pain that she couldn't walk at all. . Stopping, Sam had Lottie and Lizzie readjust their backpacks. After they discarded another sleeping bag, Lottie carried her own and his water container, both now empty. With Sam carrying Toot piggyback, they trudged onward. The trail narrowed, clinging close to the almost vertical hillside. As they crept along it, the edge crumbled, pebbles and clods rattling down the lower slope with a sound that struck dread into his heart. The women were at the edge of their endurance. What if one of them stepped wrong?

Sam mentally kept telling himself, *Yes, we can*. Yes, we can. If they made it to the spring, he'd already made up his mind they would rest at least one day. He'd kill some sort of game for food before they continued to safety.

Around noon Sam saw the grove of oak and juniper which surrounded the spring. Although he had a tremendous desire to run to it to get water, with the extra hundred pounds on his back, just trudging at the same pace was all he could do.

Just above the spring on a level area sat an older model

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pickup with a camper on the bed. A large tent was raised next to the pickup. A delicious smell of cooking wafted on the air from the campfire. The group stumbled into the campsite. A tall, spare, grey-haired man and a small rotund woman, both in their sixties, looked up at them.

"My goodness gracious me," the woman said, bustling toward them. "You poor darlings. Come sit down." She pulled some chairs for them out of the tent and unfolded them. The man helped Sam put Toot down, tenderly placing her in one of the chairs.

"Water, please," Sam said.

The woman rushed around giving each of them a cup of water. "Whatever has happened to you to put you in this state?"

After drinking the water and extending his cup for a refill, Sam began to tell the couple of their plight. The girls stayed strangely silent, letting Sam relate their trip thus far to the couple.

"We're Joe and Sara Murphy. We camp here nearly every year to celebrate our anniversary," the man said. "We met in this park and come back every year. It's sentimental."

"It's number forty this year," Sara said, looking at her husband fondly.

"Wow, forty years of marriage. I just can't imagine living with one person that long," Sam said.

"We've come early this year. Here's let me dish up some of this stew for you." Sara prepared four bowls of her concoction and handed them around.

The old man leaned back in his lawn chair and scratched his chin. "Yeah, we usually wait until fall and hunting season. I get a special hunting license to kill a deer. We're wondering if this trip wasn't a mistake since it's so hot."

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"Well we really didn't have a choice unless we decided to skip it this year. Joe is scheduled for some treatments at the same time we usually come."

"Yeah, I've got a bout of prostate cancer that needs seeing to, but I have to take some hormones first to get ready for them."

"So we decided to celebrate our anniversary early. Personally, I like it. I have Joe all to myself." Sara chuckled. "Instead of sharing him with a deer out there. I don't hunt. I just like camping. This year Joe stays at camp with me."

Liz listened to the couple talk about their forty years together. In spite of their age and years of a life less than easy as she knew it, they were beautiful. That's what she wanted. Forty years plus with a man who still loved her, just like this couple. Sam and her mother were wrong. Love could last. She wanted a home with a mate who would still love her through thick and thin, even when their hair turned to silver, in spite of hardship, sickness, whatever. Sara's statement that she was glad not to have to share Joe with his hunting proved that. She still wanted his company, for him to be near her.

When the girls finished with their stew, Sara took their bowls. "My, oh my. You girls are just exhausted, aren't you? There's not enough room in the camper for all of you, and the tent is too hot this time of day. I think I'll put out the bedrolls for you here in the grove where you can catch the breeze. You girls can sack out and catch a nap."

Sam, Lottie and Liz fell onto the sleeping bags in the shade of the oak trees, while Sara doctored Toot's heels. While she cut the back out of the villain tennis shoes, she had Toot drink Gatorade. "Honey, you need to check in with your doctor as soon as you get back. You need some antibiotics quick with

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this infection in your feet. You need to get checked for dehydration too." Toot didn't respond. She slept.

Sam woke up late in the afternoon. Lottie and Joe swapped jokes over a checker board.

"You won again, you old fart. No fair," Lottie said.

The old man grinned from ear to ear.

Sam knew that genius physics major Lottie could probably beat the pants off Joe at checkers, but apparently she valued the camaraderie more. Obvious to Sam, Lottie enjoyed the company of the man, like she had never experienced with her own father.

"Can I help you?" Sam asked Sara, who cooked over a gas-fed deep fryer.

"No, no, son. Just hand me a plate over there, would you?" He did, and she piled his plate with home fries and chicken-fried venison back strap. "Get you a bowl for salad over at that table," she said.

"No thanks. This is more than enough. We didn't want to put a strain on your food supply." Sam thought her generosity went over the top. She sounded like his mother.

"You aren't. I always bring too much and we won't stay as long in this heat. I miss cooking a big bunch for my family. My boys are both grown and gone and I don't get to cook much any more. One of the hardest thing I've ever had to learn is how to shop and cook for just two, after having a house full to feed."

"It sure is good," Sam said, chewing some of the steak. "Our food supply got down to nothing. All we have left to eat was some jerky. I planned to trap a rabbit or something soon for food."

"No need for that now. We have enough food for an army. Lord sakes." She patted her generous waist, "I certainly don't

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need it." She chuckled. "You guys come and eat while it's hot, now," she called to the others.

Toot still slept. They didn't wake her. Sam expressed his concern about her.

"The little one told me you carried her a good ways when she couldn't walk any more," Sara said. "What a brave thing you did. Poor little mite, she's plumb exhausted. She really needs to see a doctor as soon as she gets back. That infection in her feet is getting bad and she's dehydrated. I told her that, but she fell asleep and didn't hear me."

"I'm sure the girls will see to it the minute we get to civilization."

"Won't you be with them?"

"No ma'am. I just met them on this camping trip."

"Oh, I see," Sara said.

Liz hadn't said a word, sitting across the circle from him with her plate in her lap in Sara's make-shift outdoor kitchen. Sam tried to establish eye contact with Liz. She would look down at her plate instead of looking at him.

When the sun started going down, the temperature began to drop. The air became much cooler than previous nights. "If it's okay with you, we'll stay another day before we try to hike out again. It's another full day or more to walk out and the girls need the rest," Sam said to Joe.

"Oh no, son. These gals can't take no more walking. I'll call the park rangers for someone to come get you all."

"You have a phone that works this far out in the sticks?" Lottie asked.

"No, I got a radio." He stood, motioning for Sam to follow him to the pickup camper. "We learned a long time ago not to come out here without some way to get help. Sara had an attack



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of appendicitis one year. It busted before I could get her back to the city. That was before we had a pickup and I had to carry her out on my back. I like to have lost her. Since then, I always carry a radio with the frequency set to the park service when we come," he said over his shoulder as he walked. Sam and Lottie followed him.

Inside the camper, Joe called the ranger and asked him to pick up the weary campers. Lottie asked the ranger to call her father to send someone to the station to take the girls home. After the ranger found out that the campers were safe at their present location, he told them he'd come for them first thing the next morning.

Liz and Lottie helped Sara clean up the supper fixings. Toot woke up and started eating. Joe lit a camp fire. They all sat around it for a while, chatting. They listened while Joe and Sara told some more of their adventures through the years of visiting the park.

After a while, everyone's eyes began to droop. Sara rose. "I think it would be best if the girls sleep in the tent with me. They need to be out of the elements. You fellers decide yourself where you'll light for the night."

Lottie and Toot started following Sara into the large tent. Sara turned. "You coming, Liz?"

"In a little while. I have something I need to discuss with Sam."

"Okay, hon, you come along when you're ready. We'll leave the bed nearest the door for you," Sara said, walking toward the tent.

Soon, Joe rose and ambled toward the camper, wishing them a yawning goodnight. After a while, Sam rose, rolled up a sleeping bag and motioned for Liz to follow him. He led her

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deeper into the oak grove away from the campsite. He spread the bedroll and pulled Liz down to sit beside him.

"I needed to talk to you before we get back." He kissed her tenderly. "Liz, come, go home with me. I can't let you go. I love you."

"For how long? You always said you don't keep your girlfriends too long before you break up."

"I've never felt this way, Liz. This is different."

"Let's don't talk about that now. Just make lo..." Whoops, thought Liz, she nearly slipped and said the L word again. She took a breath and smiled. "Just fuck me one last time," she said.

As he touched her with his finger tips, with his lips to hers, oh, so lightly, something incredible happened to Sam. It was different. Anything, everything he did with Liz hit him like coming home after a long, long naval cruise.

Any place, any way she touched him made everything else complete. He'd fucked women around the world like sailors do, but none had ever touched more than his outer layer. Liz's touch went past skin, past sensation in his balls or penis, or even bone. Each tiny touch went straight to the gut, to the heart of him.

At the same time, it scared him. Threatened by that fear, his normal radar screamed, telling him to run for all he was worth, as usual. But he couldn't resist her power over him. As Sam entered Liz tenderly, he must treasure each molecule of this woman, keep her, make her all his.

"Oh, precious," he said. "Oh, yes, darling. Sweet, oh, so sweet." They rocked in gentle lovemaking, slow, beautiful, with sweet murmured words.

"What? No four letter words?" she whispered in his ear.

"I don't know words sweet enough. How do I tell you how

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much you mean to me?"

The pressure grew as did their movement toward a simultaneous climax, leaving them both breathless. They lay a while together, sharing tiny, nibbling kisses and sighs of satisfaction.

"I've never had any one hold me like this," Liz said, "Even when I was a child. The sex is wonderful; don't get me wrong, but your holding me like this..." She hesitated, hunting some way to describe it. "Your holding me like this is the best of all."

Liz ran her finger tips from his thigh, over his buttocks and up his back, sending shivers to his very soul. Pushing him over onto his back, she positioned herself on top, down the length of him.

Sated, not ready for another bout, her action affected Sam like an earthquake. His old notions of no-commitment, no permanence disappeared like an avalanche, a giant mudslide, leaving untried ground, a new place with only Liz. He had a strong feeling that no one would ever satisfy him again, no one except her.

"Oh Liz, don't let it end here tonight."

"You sound like a broken record on my mother's old turn table. We've been over this before. The answer is no different."

"At least give me a chance to prove that what I feel is real. At least give me your name and where I can find you."

"For me, it is real, Sam. I love you and I always will."

"What did you say?"

"I said I love you, but I'm not willing to be just another notch on your belt. I don't take chances. It will be hard enough for me to say goodbye tomorrow. But getting used to your being near when we get back, until you get bored with me or get claustrophobia and leave, will...well, I just couldn't survive

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that."

"Tell me again."

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## *Chapter Twelve*

"You heard the spiel. I don't need to repeat it."

"No, not the sermon. What you said before that." He nibbled her bottom lip. "You admitted that you love me, didn't you?"

"Yes, I love you. I have since that first anatomy lesson. But it is just not to be."

Her tears wet his chest. She made no noise, but her tears flowed. She suddenly jerked her head up. Then she rose.

"Don't go," he said. "Sleep with me."

She didn't reply, just swiped at her cheeks and shook her head, turned and walked away.

Liz went back to camp. She went to her place in the tent with the other women. Sam sacked out next to the dying fire.

\* \* \* \*

Sara woke Sam, cooking. "The girls are washing up in the tent. Go wash up in the camper and get Joe up. He'd sleep until noon if I don't wake him up. Breakfast is almost ready."

Taking a cup of coffee for both him and Joe, Sam shuffled, still half awake to the camper. There, he woke Joe up before he washed up at the tiny sink. He changed his clothes. As he left the camper, he reminded Joe that breakfast was ready.

Soon after breakfast, the ranger arrived in a crew cab pickup to take them back to the park headquarters. They all hugged Sara and Joe, thanking them for their hospitality, said goodbye.

After stowing their packs in the back, they all climbed into

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the truck. Before they had gone too far, however, a helicopter flew overhead and a voice crackled over the ranger's radio. Ranger Stephens confirmed that he carried the girls in his truck. The helicopter proceeded to land on the trail in front of them.

"Gottie's Ghost, leave it to my father to go overboard. A helicopter yet." Lottie said sarcastically.

"This is one time I'm glad your father went overboard. I'll be glad to get back as fast as possible to some place more livable," Toot said.

Liz started to open the door.

"No, wait until it lands and the rotors stop completely. Otherwise, the dust will eat you alive," Stephens said.

They waited until the two huge props stopped and the dust settled some. One by one the girls all turned and hugged Sam and gave him a kiss on the cheek and in addition to words of thanks. Liz was last. She didn't just kiss him on the cheek, but full on the mouth.

He held her to him in a fierce embrace until she pulled away with a tear running down her cheek.

"I love you, Sam. Have a good life."

She turned and walked toward the copter, never looking back. With the help of a crewman, she climbed into the large aircraft. While the girls boarded, a bulked up guy with the pilot came over to Sam. The fellow was at least six foot six, a mass of muscles, mean looking as a junk yard dog.

"If I were you," he said to Sam, "I'd disappear off the face of the earth. The boss don't like no one messing around with his daughter. Life is short." He turned before Sam could respond and stalked back to the helicopter.

Sam had wanted to knock the guy on his butt. Trouble

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was, the guy was right. Liz didn't want him and he'd never fit into her life style, a treasure he'd never have.

Sam shielded his eyes from the dust that billowed when it slowly rose. He watched it out of sight. Then he returned to the pickup for the bumpy ride to the park headquarters.

At the Park Headquarters, he climbed stiffly out of the truck, moving slow and older than Joe. Everything inside him ached. He told himself he was just tired, beat from the bumpy road and the stress of seeing the girls to safety. He started to rent one of the cabins there, just to rest up. He was pooped.

But he missed Liz already. He'd probably never see her again. With that in mind, he needed to get as far away from here as possible, to get on with trying to forget her. While loading the car with all the packs they had carried, he found himself putting Lizzy's backpack to his nose. It still held her special scent. Mad at himself for doing such a fool thing, he savagely threw the backpack into the trunk of the car, slamming down the lid.

Without even taking time to eat or shower, he struck out for Dallas, some four hundred miles away. An hour later, he caught himself just before he fell asleep at the wheel. Stopping at the next tiny town, Sam brought a burger and rented a motel room. He wolfed down the food and fell across the bed. He didn't wake up until afternoon on the next day, sleeping almost around the clock. He shaved, took a shower and ate a huge breakfast at the local café.

Back on the road, he found himself passing his time remembering all the sweet moments with Liz and all the special things about her. Over and over, he'd tell himself not to dwell on memories of her. After all, she's just another sexy broad, but his thoughts wandered back to her, seemingly not

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listening to his reasoning.

In Dallas he stayed a couple of nights with his mother and his step-dad number two, while he went about renting a one bedroom apartment. He bought some new civilian clothes and a brand new navy blue pickup, fully loaded with everything but a kitchen sink. He loved its audio system with satellite radio.

After putting out his resume in about twenty-five places during the next week, he bought the minimum amount of furniture for comfort and started building an awesome computer system with maximum everything and every gadget on the market. He got a new email address and fed his favorite programs into his new set up. During his second week back, he got a job with a computer security company as a computer detective. He liked the work, hunting hackers who break into major corporations and chasing down the culprits.

In spite of how busy he tried to stay, his thoughts kept straying back to Liz. Nights were the worst. He decided he needed to get his mind off of her by diversifying. So he hit the singles bar scene. Bored, he met no one that interested him at all. That damned redhead kept throwing up interference. He tried drinking her away. That was worse. Sam tried reading books, watching movies and playing computer games, but everything he read, watched or played had something in it to remind him of her.

He finally made up his mind to find her. He was supposed to be a detective, wasn't he? Surely, he could find her from the facts he knew about all the girls.

Starting with boarding schools in Switzerland, he found two run by nuns, but no records were available. Apparently the nuns didn't use computers, at least not when these girls were there.



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Next he tried well known actresses in their forties who might have a daughter named Liz Ann. There were too many. It was a dry hole too. No doubt that Liz's mother had done a good job in keeping the media away from her daughter.

Colleges and universities came next on his list. He decided to start from the region of the national park and work outward. Since the girls drove in, they probably didn't drive too far to get there. He looked at lists of recent university Masters Graduates in the colleges of physics, economics, and computer science. Bingo! At the University of Texas he found a Loretta Simpson, Master of Science-Physics. That fit too, since her father waited approval for a federal judgeship. Patricia Elena Dolores Alvarez had graduated as a Master of Economics. Sam thought, no wonder they called her Toot with a handle like that. There were two Liz Anns with Masters Degrees in computer science, a Liz Ann Conway, and a Liz Ann Segars. But he had last names now.

In Texas car registrations, Liz Ann Conway registered a brand new Range Rover last summer with a University of Texas campus address. She had no newer car registration.

Knowing that Lottie attended UCLA, he went hunting for her first. He found her listed with—Thank God—an address. He looked up her phone number in the computer directory and there it was. The first two times he called Lottie's number as soon as he got off work and received no answer. He hung up when the answering machine clicked in. Calling from work had no better results. Early one morning before he went to work, she finally answered.

"Lottie?"

"Who is this?" she asked, sleepily.

"Lottie, this is Sam. Sam Scott."

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"Sam who? Oh, that Sam. How did you find me?"

"It's a long story. Say, how are you doing?"

"I'm doing great, Sam, thanks to you. I've started playing beach volleyball and I'm good at it. I never would try it before because the uniforms are rather skimpy. And I have a boyfriend." She laughed. "He's a genius nerd like me, but he fucks like you."

"Say, can't get much better than that, now can you?"

After a short silence, Sam asked, "Lottie, where is Lizzy?"

"If you don't know already, you don't need to know. Where are you?"

"I'm in Texas. Tell me, Lottie. Is Liz Ann Liz still in Austin? I need to find her."

"No, you don't."

"Lottie, if I had a gun in my lap like you, I'd pull it and say I'll find her one way or another," he shouted.

She laughed, making a nahya-nahya sound like a jeering kid.

"Lottie, I won't blow smoke up your ass. I love her."

"You love all the women, you profesor bastardo."

"I want to marry Liz. She's the one, Lottie, no shit. I'm going out of my mind, trying to find her."

A long silence followed. "Okay. I'll tell you her address. You can ask her yourself. But if you ever hurt her, I'll come and personally shoot your balls off."

He took his turn to laugh. "I have no doubt about that. Me and the rest of the snakes." He poised his pencil and took down the Austin address she gave him. "Thank you, Lottie. If I don't see you before then, I'll sure as hell see you at our wedding. Until then, you have a fucking good time."

Laughing, she said, "Bye, Profesor Bastardo."

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As Sam packed his bag to go to Austin, someone knocked on his apartment door. When he answered it, a small dark man dressed in an expensive suit, addressed him. "Are you Sam Scott, the person who camped with three young women recently?"

Apparently, the guy already had his number. No sense in denying it. At least this guy wasn't big enough to take him by force and wasn't the cops. "Yeah. What's it to you?"

"May I come in?"

Curious, Sam let him in and shut the door.

When the guy sat down on his couch, he opened his brief case and took out a couple of documents. The man introduced himself with a name Sam didn't register, an attorney for Alvarez. "I have come to personally express the gratitude of Senor Juan Rodriques Alvarez. Here is the letter he wrote thanking you for saving his daughter's life in the flash flood and heroically bringing her out of the wilds on your back."

"I didn't do anything that any other guy in my place wouldn't have done."

The lawyer held up his hand to halt Sam's protest. "Senorita Patricia Elena told her father about your kindness to her and her dearest friends."

Sam would bet Toot didn't tell her father all the kindnesses he done for the girls, particularly the sex part.

"Senor Alvarez also said that if he would be contacting your company for a security check on his computer system at his banks, specifying only your services. I am to tell you that a check of appreciation has been electronically deposited in your bank account on behalf of himself and his wife for saving their daughter, who is very precious to them." Apparently, done with his business, the little man rose and proceeded out of the door.

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"Thank you very much, I think," murmured Sam to the man's back. But he checked the license plate on the lawyer's Lincoln Continental. Sam memorized the Texas tags. When the lawyer drove away, Sam went straight to his computer. He checked the tags. The car was registered in Austin.

"Hmm, that's interesting. Somebody else has been sniffing around besides me," he said to himself. Someone had to do a lot of it to find him and his bank. "Let's see about this appreciation. I could use a thousand or two right now. Let's just see how Senor Alvarez values appreciation." At his computer, he accessed his bank account.

Sam whistled, blinked and looked again. Yep, all those zeros were right there, big as life. He took a deep breath to overcome his shock when the amount he saw registered in his brain. That deposit from Alvarez's bank totaled a half a million dollars! Sam picked up the phone, called his bank and asked to speak to the guy who gave him the loan for his truck. He asked the Vice President if the deposit was correct or could there have been a mistake.

"No, Mr. Scott. Mr. Alvarez himself called me to verify that his sending of that deposit and to notify him when it arrived and you accepted it. You are going to accept, aren't you? You certainly deserve it, in my opinion."

When Sam didn't answer, the VP continued. "Mr. Alvarez told me how you saved his daughter from a flash flood and carried her on your back to where she could be rescued. The money is here for you. Mr. Alvarez also told me he hoped you used the money to start your own computer security business and recommended that I back you in your endeavors. You are going to keep the money, aren't you? I can have our income tax people figure the taxes to retain from it, if you so please."

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"Yes. I guess so." Sam thanked the banker and hung up. "Damn, a half a million. I've got a half a million dollars." He jumped up and danced around the room. Going back to his computer, he hacked into Senor Alvarez's bank. "Turn about is fair play." Sam said to himself.

When he saw the Alvarez checking account, Sam whistled at the figure. With the guy's checking account alone, Sam figured he had enough money to run the whole Mexican government. No wonder that Toot always had a bodyguard. While he checked into banks, he checked out Liz's account in Austin. He found out she was richer than Midas herself. He had known the girls came from wealthy families. He'd just had no idea how wealthy until now.

With a cool five hundred grand in his own account, he wasn't exactly poor, was he? But even if he was, he still wanted Liz. If it came to that, he'd settle for being a kept man!

Sam packed his bags and his lap top, and in his new truck he struck out for Austin to see Liz. He sang all the way along with the music on his hotshot audio system.

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### *Chapter Thirteen*

When Liz got back to their exclusive three bedroom condo from the trip, she spent a lot of time crying in her room. After she recovered from the grueling trip, the first thing she did was get her hair styled and buy herself some new sexier clothes. She enrolled at the university to work on her doctorate. The dean asked her to teach a class of computer graphics specializing in creating games. Professor Kent enlisted her help because he thought games somehow below him. Although a bit of a snob, Liz liked Professor Kent and his wife anyway.

At first, she thought her periods might be messed up because of her emotional stress and not refilling her prescription for her birth control pills. After she missed her second period, when her breasts started filling out and she got nauseated in the mornings, she knew for sure she was pregnant. She cried some more when the pregnancy test backed her suspicions.

Liz wobbled between looking up Sam and telling him and trying to be sure he never found out. She wanted this baby, her treasure from the man she loved, but she didn't want Sam to feel obligated to marry her just because of the baby. He had said, so strongly, he couldn't commit to anyone. She didn't want to set herself up for a divorce when she didn't trust him not to stray. She had no doubt that Sam and his love for heroics would want to make this child legitimate, but she needed a man who loved her enough for forever.

Then Lottie laid the bombshell. She told Liz that Sam had

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called her and she had given him her address.

"You didn't tell him I'm pregnant, did you?"

"No. I didn't tell him anything about you but your address. It's up to you whether you tell him about the baby. Personally, I wouldn't if I were you. I'd tell him to go to hell and stay there. You don't need a sexual nomad for the father of your baby, Lizzy."

When Toot came home, Liz told her of Lottie's call. "No one knows about the baby but you and Lottie. If Sam ever contacts you, don't you dare tell him, Toot."

"That's up to you to tell him he's going to be a father, Lizzy. I think you ought to tell him though. He has a right to know about his being a parent as much as you."

"He'll think he has to do the right thing. I don't want him to marry me out of obligation, Toot. I have to have someone who loves me for me."

"I understand. But I think Sam does love you. He's gone out of his way after all of this time to find you. At least, give him a chance."

The next night, Liz prepared a meal for Dean Kent and his wife. She was proud of her new found hobby of cooking, but glad she didn't have to prepare the meal in the morning when she barfed. The front gate of their closed community buzzed. Oh no, she thought, looking down at her satin dressing gown. Professor Kent is early and I'm not even dressed yet.

She answered the buzzer from the front gate. "Yes?"

"Flowers for Miss Liz Conway."

She punched the gate open, thinking that Dean Kent must have sent her flowers in lieu of their visit. When the doorbell rang, she swung open her door. A huge vase with an arrangement of assorted cut flowers obstructed the delivery

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man from view

"Flowers for Miss Liz Conway." He repeated.

She took the vase and struggled to give the delivery man a tip.

He laughed.

She looked up into his face, knowing it was Sam before she saw him.

He started to step toward her. She slammed the door in his face. Setting the flowers down on the entrance hall table, Liz just stood there, shaking. "Go away," she shouted to the door, although her heart said, "Stay and love me, Sam."

He rang the doorbell again and again. Just as she thought he might have gone away, the doorbell would ring again and she'd hear him beg to talk to her. She dressed hurriedly. She had to get rid of him before she had to explain his presence to Dean Kent and his wife. Finally, she went to the door and let Sam in.

"Lottie told me you called her. Why are you here, Sam? You said a one-night stand. Why not leave it at that?"

"I didn't plan on falling in love with you, Liz."

"You don't love me, Sam. You said yourself you don't love or commit to anyone. I can't do this. I can't be at your beck and call between all your other women. I have to have commitment and forever."

"Just let me court you, Liz, and hang around. I'll show you how much I love you."

Liz nearly panicked. If he hung around too long, he'd find out she was expecting. "It won't do you any good, Sam. Just go away and let sleeping dogs lie."

"I can't, Liz. I love you. I've been miserable without you. You've been on my mind twenty-four/seven for twelve weeks,



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fourteen days, and—" He looked at his watch. "Seven hours and fourteen minutes." "Are you expecting company?" Obviously he smelled cooking, saw she had dressed for more than a night home alone.

"Yes, I am. You'll have to leave now."

"A man?"

The radio station broke for an advertisement. "This is KTEX radio playing your favorite classic rock favorites." Liz raised her voice to talk over it.

"It's a professor and his wife from the university, but that doesn't matter. You need to go or I'll have to call security."

"I'll go, but before I do, I need to know one thing." Sam stepped forward, took her in his arms and kissed her. At first, she stood stiff and unyielding in his arms true to her conviction, but then suddenly she realized that this might be the last kiss she'd ever have from the man who held her heart. She melted and kissed him back. He finally let her go and backed out of the door.

"I'll be in touch, sweetheart. You won't be able to turn me away again," he said with a grin on his face.

Liz closed the door, turned and leaned on it. She touched her lips where the taste and texture of his kiss still lingered. She shook.

All through dinner, Liz had trouble being a good hostess, distracted, unable to concentrate on the conversation. The professor and his wife left early, thanking her for the lovely dinner, and commenting that they didn't think she looked well.

For the next two days, Liz caught herself listening for the phone, wondering if Sam would call. She looked over her shoulder when going to school, wondering if might be following her. She saw no sign of Sam.

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On the third day after Sam's visit, she looked up at a billboard beside the freeway on her way to school. It displayed a huge picture of Sam in living color, holding a ring. Shocked, Liz nearly pulled into the lane next to her, in front of an on coming car. "Sam says, 'Marry me, Liz. I want forever with you,'" the billboard said. Just then, the disk jockey laughed, telling about the billboard and said that fellow named Sam dedicated a song to Liz, a song by Elvis' "Don't be cruel."

That wasn't all. All day, the last song on every set from the station featured a song dedicated to her from Sam. The station had latched on to Sam's pursuit of her, playing it big. She'd never heard so many love songs with the word 'forever' in them. When she got home the next evening, Toot met her at the door, telling her she had a delivery. She unwrapped a large package of jerky.

The day after that, she got a sack of oranges, their staple on the trek out. On each of the next three days, someone delivered different varieties of cactus, each of which she had seen while camping.

Finally, Toot sat her down. "Give up, Lizzy. You know you love him. I've heard you crying for him. It's obvious that he loves you. He doesn't even know about the baby. At least give him a chance."

\* \* \* \*

When Sam drove from his hotel to the university to see if he could catch a glimpse of Liz on the way to class, he looked up at his billboard. "Damn! They're covering up my sign. I bought that sign for a whole damned month. What's going on?" He left the freeway at the next exit, circled the block and parked on the service road where he could see what they were putting up on his sign. A long strip of something over his

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words said, "Yes, Sam. I love you. I'll marry you. Liz." Then he heard cars honking when they went by the sign in congratulations.

A cop pulled Sam over when he was speeding toward the university. The policeman sauntered over to his window with his ticket pad out. "Can I see your driver's license and proof of insurance, please?" he said, not looking at Sam.

"Just give me the ticket, Officer. I'm in a terrible hurry."

"Say, you're the guy on the sign back there, aren't you?"

"Yeah, and I'm on my way to catch her and give her the ring right now."

"Where are you going? I'll give you an escort," the officer said, grinning. "We've all been pulling for you, man. I just won a bet that you'd get her."

Sam told the cop his destination at the university. He sped behind the patrol car, its multi-colored lights flashing and sirens blaring all the way. When he got out, the officer got out of his car too. "I gotta see this and tell the guys at the precinct."

People recognized Sam on the way to Liz's building. A crowd of them followed him. Soon he saw her coming down the sidewalk toward him. He blocked her way and knelt. "Will you marry me, Liz? I love you."

She smiled. "Yes I will, Sam." He put a ring on her finger and then stood.

"Kiss her, man," someone yelled.

"Yeah, lay one on her."

He did.

"Way to go, guy!" Everyone began to clap, joyfully.

Together they went to her classroom, where she canceled class to the students' cheers, then back to her apartment. She immediately called Toot and Lottie and her mother and told

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them the news. Then she took Sam to bed. He didn't just fuck her. He made sweet love to her.

"Shall we celebrate our anniversaries like Joe and Sara with a camping trip?"

"No thanks. I want to go some place with a shower. How about a trip to a different country each year?"

"Sounds good to me. Whatever shakes your tree."

Still huffing, from his climax, Sam folded her in his arms. "I can't wait to get a house. How do you feel about children?" he asked. "Can we have at least two point three kids? I've thought about what they'd look like."

"We're already on our way there, Sam. I'm pregnant."

He hugged her tight. "Yee-ha!"

*~The End~*